

"HALLOWEEN"

**A screenplay by
Rob Zombie**

**Based on a film written by
John Carpenter and Debra Hill**

**EARLY DRAFT
2006**

FADE IN

A quote appears against blackness.

" The Darkest souls are not those which choose to exist within the hell of the abyss, but those which choose to break free from the abyss and move silently among us."

Excerpt from " The Devil's Eyes - The Story Of Michael Myers" by Dr. Samuel Loomis

FADE UP on OPENING CREDIT MONTAGE

EXT. NEIGHBORHOODS - DAY

We are watching what appears to be poorly shot home movies. The shaky handheld camera provides us a view of a lower-class neighborhood and the various types of people who live in it, but mostly we focus on a YOUNG BOY and his FAMILY. The boy mugs from the camera, flashing his gap-tooth grin

The shot FREEZES on the boy.

The title HALLOWEEN comes on screen.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - MORNING

A depressing rundown two story house located on a small lot of dirt and crab grass. Chained to a single leafless tree a MUTT howls for attention. Deep pacing grooves are worn into the dusty ground surrounding the dog.

Parked in the driveway next to the house is a single glaring BRIGHT SPOT among the dankness-- an obnoxiously colored yellow and black striped MUSCLE CAR.

Subtitle fades up : HADDONFEILD OCTOBER 31, 1978

As we move CLOSER into this drab scene we see a few pathetic paper HALLOWEEN DECORATIONS adorning the slanted front porch along with -- a dummy made of old clothes stuffed with dried leaves. Sitting atop it's drooping shoulders is a poorly carved grinning JACK-O'-LANTERN.

We move in TIGHT on the jack-o'-lantern's FACE.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - MICHAEL'S ROOM - MORNING

A small messy child's bedroom. Scanning across the cheap imitation wood paneled room we see various iconic posters taped to the walls -- Evil Knievel, Farrah Fawcett-Majors and the dragon himself Bruce Lee.

Moving off the walls we find: a FORT, made of old BED SHEETS and BLANKETS draped over several chairs. Inside the fort we find MICHAEL MYERS (10), a blonde stringy haired AWKWARD kid dressed in dirty jeans and a faded BLACK SABBATH concert t-shirt.

Michael sits cross-legged fumbling with a RING OF KEYS -- on his lap sits a locked METAL TOOL BOX-- he inserts a key into the lock and opens the box.

Reaching in, Michael removes the box's only contents -- a dilapidated SCRAPBOOK held together with electrical tape -- a PLASTIC CLOWN MASK and a small CASSETTE RECORDER.

Michael gently SLIDES the clown mask over his head and clicks on the recorder.

We are now looking down at the scrapbook through the POV of the mask. Michael begins flipping through the pages.

Close up pages -- taped crudely inside the scrapbook are various pages torn from HARDCORE PORN MAGAZINES. The words "Mother", "Whore", "Die" and "Cunt" are scribbled across the pictures.

The sound of FUMBLING NOISE plays over the tiny speaker.

TAPE RECORDER

(whispering voice)

This is Michael and this is the sound of Boom-boom. Mrs. Avery's cat.

We now hear the sound on the tape -- a CAT SCREAMING in pain.

The page turns and see an even more disturbing sight -- a series of Polaroid photos showing various DEAD HOUSEHOLD PETS. Each animal has been strung up by the neck.

Michael begins BREATHING HEAVILY through the mask as the sound of terrified and wounded animals continues to play.

INT. MYER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

A cramped cluttered MESS of DIRTY DISHES, overflowing GARBAGE CANS and JUNK cluttered counters. In the background an AM RADIO blares "Frampton Comes Alive".

RONNIE (O.C.)

Well, why don't you tell it to me again.

Standing over the stove scrambling eggs is DEBORAH MYERS (36), an ATTRACTIVE DARK-HAIRED WOMAN who looks far too young to be the mother of three children.

DEBORAH

Again with this. Jesus, you know I can't go. I have to dance the late shift. We need money or haven't you noticed. What part of that can't you get through your fucking skull?

Sitting at the kitchen table waiting for breakfast we find Deborah's current abusive LOSER boyfriend: RONNIE WHITE (48) a long haired GREASE MONKEY with a broken left arm and a heavily bandaged right hand.

RONNIE

Hey, don't you disrespect me.

DEBORAH

Oh, fuck off.

RONNIE

Oh really, fuck off?

(tone gets serious)

How's this? Did I mention that-that new waitress over a Bingo's Lounge keeps giving me the look? I guess I'll just have to make my own fun tonight.

DEBORAH

(chuckling)

What the whore with the big saggy monkey tits hanging down to her knees? Hey, be my guess. Jump on'em and slapp'em around.

Next to Ronnie sitting in a high chair is a BABY nicknamed BOO.

RONNIE

Maybe I will. Maybe I'll fuck the shit out of her.

DEBORAH

Well, have a good fucking time!

RONNIE

(shouting)

I will!

The baby starts to cry.

DEBORAH

Oh nice, see what you did? Fucking loud mouth.

Deborah picks up the baby.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Come on now, Boo.

RONNIE

Waaa waaaa, all that kid does is cry.

(to Laurie)

Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

DEBORAH

Hey, news flash... that's what baby's fucking do! Shit and cry!

A teenage girl enters. JUDITH MYERS (16) -- she is dressed inappropriately for school in denim short shorts and a tube top. Ronnie checks her up and down.

JUDITH

I don't want eggs.

Judith begins pouring herself a bowl of cereal.

DEBORAH

Since when?

JUDITH

Since now. They're chicken abortions.

DEBORAH

No they're not.

JUDITH

What are they then?

DEBORAH

I don't know... they're eggs. Can you please get your brother?

JUDITH

Michael!

DEBORAH

(exasperated)

Jesus, I could do that.

(trying to be calm)

Don't scream go upstairs get him.

Judith walks out of the room careful to flash her ass at Ronnie.

RONNIE

That's bitch's got a nice little dumper.

DEBORAH

What did you say?

RONNIE

Aw, look who's jealous. Afraid of your daughter's ass.

Deborah throws a spatula of eggs at Ronnie.

DEBORAH

Fucking pig.

Ronnie pauses, looks at the eggs on his shirt, smiles... then SWINGS HIS ARM knocking everything off the table

RONNIE

Clean it up!

INT. MYERS HOUSE - HALLWAY - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Judith approaches the door to Michael's room. A hand written sign proclaiming "STAY OUT OR DIE" is taped to the door.

Judith stops at the door and listens -- then slowly pushes open the door.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - MICHAEL'S ROOM - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Judith tip-toes into the room. The sound of Michael ANIMAL TAPES can be heard coming from inside his fort. Judith CREEPS up on the fort and -- RIPS the top blanket off to find -- Michael furiously MASTURBATING to the pictures in his scrapbook.

JUDITH

Oh my God! You little fucking pervert!
I'm telling mom!

Michael quickly covers himself and turns off the tape-- then looks up at Judith and screams.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Deborah is picking up breakfast off the floor. The sound of the upstairs commotion filters down to the kitchen.

DEBORAH

Jesus Christ! What the hell is going on up there?

(shouting upstairs)

Michael! What are you screaming about?!

RONNIE

That little freak needs some serious discipline. He's like a little bitch.

DEBORAH

You keep your hands off him. He's a sensitive kid.

RONNIE

Give me a fucking break. He's probably a queer... Watch I bet grows up and cuts off his balls and changes his name to Michelle.

DEBORAH

You know he's still upset about another one of his cats running away.

Judith saunters into the kitchen with a SHIT EATING GRIN on her face and takes her place at the table. Michael follows behind, still wearing his mask -- before sitting down at the table Michael kisses the baby on the head.

MICHAEL

(quietly)

Hey, Boo.

Ronnie GRABS the mask off Michael's face.

RONNIE

Take that stupid thing off. Jesus, you annoy me.

Michael SHOOTS Ronnie a dirty look.

MICHAEL

I hate you.

RONNIE

(holds up his arm)

See this?

MICHAEL

Yeah.

RONNIE

When this heals. I'm gonna break it again
on your face.

DEBORAH

(exhausted)

Can we all just eat in peace?

Judith begins stroking the bottle of milk in masturbatory
fashion.

JUDITH

Oh, it feels so good. Oh, yeah milk it.

DEBORAH

What the hell are you doing?

Michael looks at Judith with EVIL in his eyes.

JUDITH

Nothing.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY - LATER

The first bell rings as STUDENTS begin filing into the
school.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CLASS ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

MRS. GREEN (43), a chubby teacher with flabby arms
scribbles the words "FORBIDDEN PLANET" across the black
board. She sets down her chalk and turns to the class
wiping dust from her hands.

MRS. GREEN

(forced cheeriness)

Well, since today is my personal favorite
holiday I've convinced Principle Erics to
let us have a special Halloween treat.

The class cheers.

MRS. GREEN (CONT'D)

Alright settle down people. Everybody
stand up and form a line because we are
all heading down to the cafeteria to
watch a movie called...

(MORE)

MRS. GREEN (CONT'D)
(taps on the chalkboard)
Forbidden Planet.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Close up movie screen - on scene we watch a saucer-shaped spaceship hovering over an alien planet's surface.

The entire school in attendance. Children ranging from ages TEN to SIXTEEN sit uncomfortably on long wooden mess hall style benches watching the film.

Michael stares up at the screen enthralled by the film until... SMACK -- something HITS him in the back of the head.

MICHAEL

Ouch.

Sitting directly behind MICHAEL are the SCHOOL BULLIES -- WESLEY RHOADES (16) an ugly, acne scarred bully and SHANE WILLIAMS (16) Wesley's over weight, red-headed sidekick.

WESLEY

(whispering)

What's up, shit pants? I heard you sister was caught selling blowjobs in the bathroom. I heard they had to pump the cum out of her stomach.

MRS. GREEN

Shhhhhhhhhhhhh.

Wesley sits back and waits for Mrs. Green to look away.

WESLEY

(whispering)

Hey, faggot how's your mommy?

SHANE

(whispering)

My old man said for a buck she rubbed her tits on his face.

MICHAEL

(quietly)

Shut up.

SHANE

What'd you say faggot?

WESLEY

Aw, Mikey is upset. Hey, ball licker check it out.

Wesley unfolds a newspaper ad for the RABBIT IN RED LOUNGE. The ad features Deborah Myers posing nude.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

I was thinking of making copies for the whole school.

Shane SLAPS Michael in the back of the head.

SHANE

Hey, think she'd play with my dick for a quarter and let me suck her tits?

Both boys BURST OUT laughing. Michael JUMPS UP and LASHES OUT at the boys screaming

MICHAEL

Shut up... shut up... shut up!

Mrs. Green RUSHES over to break up the commotion -- she struggles to pull a screaming and flailing Michael off of Shane. In the commotion Michael's scrapbook falls out of his book bag.

EXT. RABBIT IN RED LOUNGE - DAY

Close up - neon sign

An articulated NEON SIGN featuring a RABBIT IN A TUXEDO drinking a cocktail while ogling a BUSTY DANCER wiggling her ass. Pulling back from the sign we see: a small CINDER BLOCK BUILDING set back at the end of gravel parking lot.

Crude hand-painted artwork covers the building proclaiming "HOT BABES AND COLD BEER".

INT. RABBIT IN RED LOUNGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A small, dark low class strip joint. Hundreds of strands of small twinkling CHRISTMAS LIGHTS are strung from the ceiling along with several small MIRROR BALLS -- sending fractured light dancing off the walls.

A SMALL GROUP of LOCAL SHIT-KICKERS gather for the lunchtime show -- hot wings buffet and strippers.

On stage we find Deborah, dressed in trashy lingerie, as she unenthusiastically BUMPS and GRINDS to AC/DC's "Highway To Hell".

Behind the bar is LOU MARTINI (51), a large sloth of a man in a straw cowboy hat watching wrestling on a small portable TV. The phone rings. Lou answers.

LOU
Rabbit in red.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - PRINCIPLE'S OFFICE - DAY -
CONTINUOUS

PRINCIPLE ERICS (47), a thin, NERVOUS man in a stiff WHITE SHIRT and skinny BLACK TIE sits behind his state issued gray metal desk. Michael's scrapbook of PERVERSION sits on his desk.

ERICS
Could I please speak to Deborah Myers?

LOU
Who? Speak up, buddy.

ERICS
Deborah Myers. This is Principle Eric of Haddonfield Elementary

INT. RABBIT IN RED LOUNGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Lou blocks his free ear straining to hear.

LOU
Who? Deborah? Oh Debbie... yeah hold on she's just coming off stage.

Deborah has finished her routine and is now in the degrading process of picking up crumbled DOLLAR BILLS thrown by her ADORING FANS off the stage.

As she steps down from the stage Lou motions to her that she has a call.

LOU (CONT'D)
I think it's your kid's school or something.

Deborah grabs the phone.

DEBORAH
Yeah... hello.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - PRINCIPLE'S OFFICE - DAY -
CONTINUOUS

Principle Erics flips through Michael's scrapbook.

ERICS
Mrs. Myers we've had an incident with
your son Michael today and... I-I-I think
you better come down...

DEBORAH
(interrupting)
Look, I'm at work. I can't come down
there right now. Jesus what is it with
you people? Can't you keep control down
there?

ERICS
I wouldn't call if I didn't believe it
was very important.

DEBORAH
Alright alright, hold on.
(to Lou)
I got go over to my kids school.

LOU
So?

DEBORAH
What do you mean so?

LOU
What? You know the drill. Hustle you ass
on my time, deal with your shit on your
time.

DEBORAH
(sarcastic)
Thanks for nada.
(into the phone)
I get a lunch break in about twenty
minutes.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY - LATER

Deborah pulls up in Ronnie's yellow hot rod -- radio
blasting.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - OUTER PRINCIPLE'S OFFICE - DAY

MISS CARLSON (61), a stern old woman with a tightly wound bun is banging away at her type writer. Deborah enters, Miss Carlson looks up -- a look of mild disgust comes over her face at the sight of Deborah's trashy appearance.

CARLSON

Can I help you?

DEBORAH

I'm here to see the principle.

(joking)

Don't worry Granny, I ain't a student.

CARLSON

Name.

DEBORAH

Deborah Myers.

Miss Carlson buzzes the Principle.

CARLSON

(into intercom)

A Miss Myers is here.

ERICS

Send her in.

CARLSON

Go right in he's expecting you.

DEBORAH

I hope so he's expecting me. He's the one who fucking called me down here.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - PRINCIPLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Deborah enters the office -- Principle Erics is sitting behind his desk -- next to him is a bearded man with long-haired and glasses wearing a tweed jacket. This is DR SAMUEL LOOMIS (40).

Both men stands to greet her.

ERICS

Please come in...

(motions to a chair)

... have a seat.

(MORE)

ERICS (CONT'D)

(motions to Loomis)

This is Dr. Loomis. I asked him to join us.

Deborah takes a seat opposite the desk.

DEBORAH

(checks her watch)

Look, I only got a half hour. So let's cut to it. What's the big hub-bub?

ERICS

(nervous)

I'm not sure how to put this... um... let me just as you said.. cut to it.

LOOMIS

(interrupting in a grin tone)

Has Michael ever had any kind of serious psychiatric evaluation?

DEBORAH

(offended)

Excuse me? Wait a minute...what? Who the fuck is this guy?

ERICS

This is Dr. Samuel Loomis. He's a child psychologist.

LOOMIS

Allow me to phrase it another way. Your son Michael is a very disturbed young man and...

Deborah stands up ready to leave.

DEBORAH

Oh, this is a beautiful little ambush. Look I don't have time for your hippy intellectual bullshit.

ERICS

Please, please don't take offense. It's just that we found something...

DEBORAH

You-you got a lot of fucking nerve dragging my ass all the way down here to hit me with this Doctor shit .

LOOMIS

(Loomis slides the scrapbook
across the desk towards
Deborah)

We found this in your son's book bag
and... we felt very concerned.

Deborah opens the book and begins flipping through. She
is horrified by what she sees.

Close up scrapbook - we see a page of a woman having sex
doggy style. Scratched across the photo is the word "DIE
MOTHER". The woman's eyes are crossed out with black X's.

DEBORAH

Oh my God. This is really sick.
(flips the page)

Fuck.

(sits back down)

These are Michael's missing pets...

Rudy... Humpy... what-what did he... he
killed them?

(looks to Loomis)

Why-why would he do this?

LOOMIS

Mrs. Meyers, typically the thrill of
hurting and causing pain to smaller
creatures is a early warning sign of much
deeper and bigger problems.

Deborah drops her head into her hands.

DEBORAH

(looks up)

Bigger problems?

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE -
DAY

ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL JANSEN (45), an attractive older
woman is sitting at her desk going through some paper
work.

Michael is sitting quietly on a couch staring at the
floor.

MICHAEL

Can I go to the bathroom?

JANSEN
(doesn't look up)
Can't it wait. They might need you.

MICHAEL
(holding his crotch)
I don't think so.

JANSEN
Alright, but make it quick. I think they
might want to speak with you in a minute.

MICHAEL
I will.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Michael RUNS through the halls of the school -- SLIDES to a stop at his locker -- quickly opens the locker -- GRABS his backpack and takes off RUNNING down the hall.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Principal Erics, Dr. Loomis and Deborah enter the office.

LOOMIS
I really think daily sessions are the
only way to go at this point.

ERICS
(to Jansen)
Where's Michael?

JANSEN
I let him go to the toilet...
(looks at her watch)
... he should be back any second... he's
been gone quite awhile.

DEBORAH
He split.

ERICS
I'm sure he just...

DEBORAH
No, trust me he's gone.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - HOLLOW'S WOODS - DAY - LATER

Michael hides himself from view in a wooded area across from the school known as HOLLOW'S WOODS. The school bell rings signaling the end of another day.

Michael secretly watches as the CHILDREN exit the school and begin loading onto their busses. He scans the crowd -- then focuses his attention on two of his younger classmates -- KATHY (9) and JENNIFER (9).

From Michael's P.O.V. we begins TRACKING the girls as walk along the edge of Hollow's Woods.

The girls reach an intersection -- say their good byes and go their separate ways. Kathy continues on down the street -- Jennifer crosses the street towards Hollow's Woods with the help of THE CROSSING GUARD.

Michael concentrates his total attention on Jennifer -- tracking along side her for a few paces then -- he steps out from his hiding place.

MICHAEL

Hey, Jenny.

JENNIFER

Michael what are you doing in the woods?

MICHAEL

Nothing.

JENNIFER

I heard you were bad today during the movie.

MICHAEL

Maybe... hey you wanna see the Halloween candy tree?

JENNIFER

There's no such thing as a Halloween tree.

MICHAEL

Oh yes there is. It only blooms one day a year at Halloween time. You can pick candy corn and candy apples off the branches.

Michael pulls some candy corn from his pocket and shows Jennifer.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

See I just picked these. I can show you.
(pointing into the woods)
It's right over there.

JENNIFER

Alright.

INT. HOLLOW'S WOODS - DAY - LATER

Michael leads Jennifer deeper into the woods.

JENNIFER

How much further is it?

MICHAEL

Not much.

JENNIFER

I don't see anything. I wanna go home.

Michael approaches and old burnt out tree. He reaches inside the hollowed out trunk and pulls out a DEAD CAT. He holds the animal by it's BROKEN NECK and waves it at Jennifer.

MICHAEL

See my kitty? I snapped his neck and he liked it. You wanna pet him? His name is Ronnie.

Jennifer begins to scream.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Aw, don't be scared. He won't scratch you.

Michael moves in CLOSER and begins PUSHING the cat in Jennifer's face.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Touch it... touch it!

JENNIFER

Get away... Mama! Stop it! I wanna go home!

Michael throws the cat to the side.

MICHAEL

Alright ya big baby, I'll take you home.
Come on, I know a short cut.

Close up on the DEAD CAT's face.

INT. HOLLOW'S WOODS - DAY - LATER

Jennifer cautiously follows behind Michael.

JENNIFER
How much longer?

MICHAEL
We're here.

Michael stops at a rotted piece of plywood lying flat on the ground. A primitive SKULL AND CROSSBONES is spray painted on the rotting wood.

He flips the plywood over to reveal a deep grave sized hole.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
This is a secret Indian tunnel that comes right up in front of your house. It's the fastest way.

JENNIFER
I don't believe you.

MICHAEL
Go ahead take a look. You can see your house from here.

Jennifer slowly approaches the hole and peeks over the edge. WHAM! Michael PUSHES her in. She lands with a thud hitting her head.

JENNIFER
(crying)
Michael... help me.

Michael STARES down emotionless at the whimpering girl -- then calmly opens his backpack -- removes his CLOWN MASK and tape recorder. He places the mask over his head, turns on the recorder.

MICHAEL
(speaking quietly into the
microphone)
This is Michael and this is Jennifer out in the woods.

He sets the recorder down next to the hole.

JENNIFER

Help... help!

Michael slowly reaches down and picks up a HEAVY STICK -- walks to the edge of the hole and begins POKING at Jennifer.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

(screaming)

Stop it... stop it!

Michael now begins HITTING her HARD over the head -- Jennifer falls back as blood begins to seep from her head -- Michael continues hitting her over and over and over until she is unconscious.

Jennifer stumbles over into a heap -- blood GUSHES from her head.

JUMPING down into the hole and Michael begins savagely attacking Jennifer -- he beats her mercilessly until she is dead.

In one final act of humiliation -- Michael unzips his fly and begins urinating on Jennifer's body.

From the POV of the HOLE we watch as Michael climbs up and out of the hole -- he then proceeds to slide the plywood cover back over the opening.

BLACKNESS

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

From the black of the night sky we pan down to: The JACK-O'- LANTERN headed dummy on the front porch. His head is fully aglow.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Michael sits on the couch in his full CLOWN HALLOWEEN COSTUME watching HOWARD HAWK'S "THE THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD". In his arms he cradles Baby Boo.

A BUZZED Ronnie is sacked out in his recliner drinking BEER. Several empty cans are scattered on the floor around him.

RONNIE

(taunting)

Hey clown... hey clown, I hope you know
you ain't gonna win no contest wearing
that...

(burps)

... cheap ass store bought shit. I
wouldn't be surprised if that wasn't that
shittiest looking costume of fucking
party.

Michael ignores him.

MICHAEL

(to the baby)

Don't listen to him Boo. He doesn't
understand us.

(covers the baby's ear, then
screams)

Ma! We're gonna be late!

RONNIE

(mimicking)

Ma we're gonna be late.

(laughing)

You really are a whiny little bitch. Are
you sure you're a boy?

Deborah enters wearing a skimpy DEVIL GIRL outfit.

DEBORAH

I really shouldn't even let you go after
that shit you pulled today at school.
Running away like that. Do you know how
stupid you made me look?

MICHAEL

Ma!

DEBORAH

Alright Michael, I heard you. Tomorrow
things are gonna change around here. So I
suggest you live it up tonight.

RONNIE

(to Deborah)

Is that what you're wearing?

DEBORAH

(sarcastic)

No. I just put it on for fun.

Michael gets up.

MICHAEL

Ma, let's go.

Deborah takes the baby and hands Michael his winter jacket off.

DEBORAH

Michael would you please calm down and put this on.

(shouting upstairs)

Judith get down here.

MICHAEL

I don't wanna wear this. It wrecks everything.

DEBORAH

Just put it on. I don't need you catching cold.

Judith comes down the stairs.

JUDITH

What?

DEBORAH

(hands her the baby)

Here put Boo in her crib.

Judith takes the baby and heads back up the stairs.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

(Deborah helps Michael on with his jacket)

Now don't forget, I have to work extra late tonight so Mrs. Curtain is gonna give you a ride home after the party...

(to Ronnie)

... since a certain lazy drunk can't get off his boney ass and help out around here.

RONNIE

(to himself)

Bitch, if you don't think I'm making a mental list of all your shit...

(taps his temple)

... go on keep talking. You'll see.

MICHAEL

Mrs. Curtain smells funny.

DEBORAH
Then hold your nose.

Deborah and Michael begins to leave.

RONNIE
Hey.

DEBORAH
Hey, what?

RONNIE
What am I suppose to do all night while
you dry humping your ass on local boners?

DEBORAH
Jerk off.

Michael and Deborah walk out the door. Ronnie holds up
his bandaged hand and stares at it.

RONNIE
I can't. It's the wrong fucking hand!

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

STEVE (16), a big mess of curly hair on a string bean
body is coming up the walk -- this is Judith's boyfriend.
He runs into Deborah and Michael as they exit the house.

STEVE
Hey, Mrs. Myers.

DEBORAH
What are you doing here?

STEVE
I'm gonna help Judith with her homework.

DEBORAH
Yeah, I'll bet. I want you out by eleven.

STEVE
(to Michael)
Hey squirt, how's that new hobby working
out for ya?

DEBORAH
What hobby?

MICHAEL
(pulling his mother)
Come on, Ma.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NIGHT

The front drive is filled with PARENTS dropping off their COSTUMED CHILDREN for the Halloween festivities. All the classic costumes are represented: GHOSTS, WITCHES, PRINCESSES and COWBOYS.

Dry ice spills out a SPOOKY FOG onto the school grounds as a crackling Halloween sound effects record blast CREEPY SOUNDS over the PA.

Deborah's car pulls up.

INT. DEBORAH'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Deborah brings the car to a stop.

DEBORAH
Wow, look at all the costumes.

MICHAEL
Yeah, whatever. My costume sucks.

DEBORAH
You look great.

Michael opens the car door and starts to get out.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)
Hey, how about a kiss?

MICHAEL
Out here? What are you crazy?

DEBORAH
(getting serious)
Michael look at me.

Michael gives his Mother a tired look.

MICHAEL
What?

DEBORAH
I-I know things are bad but... but
tomorrow we start to make everything
better. Okay? I promise.

MICHAEL
Yeah, whatever.

Michael hops out and shuts the door. Emotionally exhausted Deborah leans her head against the steering wheel and watches Michael walk into the school.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NIGHT

Michael watches from the window as his Mother's car pulls away from the school.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

Through a stranger's masked POV we observe the house from the bushes. The stranger's breathing can be heard inside the plastic mask.

We move from the bushes and peer through the living room window. Ronnie is passed out drunk in his chair.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - JUDITH'S ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Judith and Steve are on the bed engaged in a sloppy make out session. Judith takes off her shirt and starts unbuttoning Steve's pants.

STEVE
What if your Dad hears us?

JUDITH
Hold up man, that fucking drunk Ronnie ain't my Dad. He's just the latest loser in mom's fuck of the month club. Don't ever call that fucker my Dad again. My Daddy is in heaven... okay.

STEVE
That's cool. I didn't mean nothing.

Steve gets back to business.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

From the stranger's POV we approach the kitchen door. The door opens. We enter.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ronnie is dead asleep in his chair snoring loudly.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - JUDITH'S ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Judith and Steve are under the covers BUMPING and GRINDING. Suddenly Steve stops.

STEVE

Wait. I forgot something.

JUDITH

It's alright I'm on the pill.

STEVE

Not that, but it is rubber.

Steve reaches down on the floor and fumbles around for something.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Close your eyes.

JUDITH

What?

STEVE

Just do it.

Judith closes her eyes. Steve quickly puts on a plain white ghostly HALLOWEEN MASK. This is the CLASSIC SHAPE MASK.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Okay open.

Judith opens her eyes.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Arrrrggghh!

JUDITH

Take that stupid thing off.

STEVE

I wanna do it with the mask on.

JUDITH

Fuck that. Take off the mask or get off.

STEVE
Come on, baby it's Halloween.

JUDITH
Get off.

Steve pulls off the mask.

STEVE
Happy now.
(drops it on the floor)
Glad I wasted five bucks on that.

JUDITH
Would you stop fucking around and start
fucking around.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Through the stranger's POV we scan through the kitchen. Our eyes stop at drawer -- we open the drawer and remove a roll of silver DUCT TAPE.

The stranger's POV moves over to another drawer -- the drawer slides open -- inside we see a LARGE CARVING KNIFE. We reach in and pull out the knife.

Backing away from the drawer we move from the kitchen towards:

INT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Slowly we track through the room towards the sleeping Ronnie. We move in close to Ronnie and stop -- the sound of duct tape being stretched can be heard as we rotate around Ronnie.

The stranger's POV steps back from Ronnie -- we now see Ronnie completely duct taped to his chair. Thick bands of tape hold his legs and arms in place. The stranger's POV shifts its attention from Ronnie towards a large mirror on the wall.

The identity of the stranger is now revealed -- it is Michael -- still wearing his clown suit he -- stands over the helpless Ronnie -- the CARVING KNIFE IS IN HIS HANDS.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - JUDITH'S ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Steve and Judith are in the final moments of their passion.

JUDITH
Slow down. You're gonna...

STEVE
I... I... I'm done.

Steve rolls off of Judith.

JUDITH
Way to go, Speedy.

STEVE
You loved it.

JUDITH
Greatest ten seconds of my life.

STEVE
I'm hungry. How about making me a sandwich?

JUDITH
Dream on, Quick Draw. That show ain't get you no sandwich.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT - LIVING ROOM

Michael presses RECORD on his tape recorder.

MICHAEL
(speaking in the microphone)
This is Michael and this is the end of Ronnie.

He sets the recorder down next to Ronnie and. He then proceeds to bend Ronnie head back and carefully place the KNIFE against his THROAT. Ronnie's groggy eyes open slightly.

Michael begins SAWING violently at Ronnie's throat. Ronnie struggles to move but is held in place by the bands of tape.

Ronnie tries desperately to SCREAM -- all that come out is a sickening gurgling sound. Ronnie GASPS for air, his eyes BULGE in his head.

Michael steps back and calmly watches the life drain from Ronnie -- as he CHOKES on his own BLOOD. Suddenly Michael PLUNGES the knife into Ronnie's heart.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - JUDITH'S ROOM

Steve pulls on his shirt -- now fully dressed.

JUDITH

Get me a coke while your down there.

STEVE

I'll try and remember.

JUDITH

You better.

Steve exits -- closing the door behind him. Judith slides her HEADPHONES over her ears. Clicks on her stereo and starts blasting rock music.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT - STAIRS

Steve creeps down the creaking stairs. As he reaches the bottom he peaks around the corner to see the back of Ronnie still sitting in his chair.

STEVE

(whispering)

Hey, Ronnie are you awake?

No response.

STEVE (CONT'D)

(louder)

Hey, I just banged the shit out of Judith.

No response.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Hey Ronnie, you are an ugly fucking limp dick loser.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Steve opens the refrigerator and rifles around for sandwich materials -- pulling out a bag of SLICED MEAT, CHEESE and a couple COKES. He sets them down on the table.

STEVE
(looking around)
Hmmm? Bread... bread... bread. Where the
bread?

Steve scans the kitchen finds the bread box and removes a loaf of WHITE BREAD -- he takes a seat at the table and begins assembling his sandwich.

Behind Steve LURKING in the SHADOWS is the SHAPE of Michael. Michael slowly approaches -- silently creeping -- his tape recorder hangs around his neck. Steve is completely unaware of Michael's presence.

Michael raises a BASEBALL BAT over his head -- moves closer and... BAM! Michael brings the bat CRASHING down over Steve's HEAD.

Steve falls to the floor. Michael continues HITTING him over the head. Steve begins CONVULSING as blood pours from his head.

Michael drops the bat and PULLS OUT his KNIFE -- he LUNGES at Steve -- STABBING him over and over and over.

Michael, his clown suit is DRIPPING WITH BLOOD, stands back and watches Steve die.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - JUDITH'S ROOM - NIGHT

A completely nude Judith is lying back in her bed ZONING OUT to the tunes on her headphones. The door to her room slowly opens -- Michael is standing in the doorway.

Michael enters and sees STEVE'S MASK lying on the floor. He picks it up and studies it -- then removes his mask -- drops it to the floor -- and pulls Steve's over his head.

Michael moves within inches of Judith. He STARES down at her NAKED BODY -- then reaches out and begins FONDLING her breasts.

Judith smiles.

JUDITH
Oh Steve, you horny boy.

Judith opens her eyes.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Steve, what did I say about that fucking mask?

(looks closer)

Michael? What the fuck! You little perv!

SLAM! Michael brings his KNIFE down into Judith's CHEST. Blood SPRAYS straight up -- SLAM! He brings it down again and again -- Judith GRABS her chest wound -- she tries to sit up, but FALLS BACK and off the bed onto the floor.

We HOLD on her FACE as she tries to BREATHE. Michael holds the recorder microphone by her face.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

(faintly)

Why?

Michael says NOTHING, he just keeps RECORDING.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Michael moves slowly down the hall to the his mother's room -- the door is open -- he enters. Sitting in the corner is the baby's crib.

Michael looks through the bars of the crib at the baby sleeping peacefully.

MICHAEL

Happy Halloween, Boo.

Michael reaches in with his BLOODY HANDS and picks her up.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

An exhausted Deborah pulls her car into the driveway.

INT. DEBORAH'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Deborah notices Michael sitting on the front steps hunched over -- he is CRADLING something in his arms.

DEBORAH

Jesus, what the hell happened now?

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Deborah steps out of the car and begins to approach Michael. The SOUNDS of the evening's MURDERS plays on Michael's tape recorder.

DEBORAH

Michael, what are you doing sitting out here.

No response.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Michael... what is that sound?

She moves in closer and sees that Michael is covered in blood -- in his arms he cradles the baby.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Michael... what is going on? Michael... answer me!

Michael looks up with a no expression -- a DEAD FACE.

MICHAEL

It's over.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

POLICE are now on the premises -- the scene unfolds in slow motion as the lifeless BODY of Judith is wheeled out on a gurney -- her body is cover by a white BLOOD STAINED sheet.

Deborah RUNS to the gurney SCREAMING, but is pulled back by the EMERGENCY WORKERS -- she collapses to the ground.

We pan across the entire crime scene. A CROWD has gathered behind the police tape -- we move through the chaos to find Michael in the backseat of a police cruiser.

He blankly watches the horror as Ronnie's dead body is wheeled out -- a slight SMILE comes over his lips.

The only sound we hear is the sound of MICHAEL'S TAPE OF DEATH.

DISSOLVE TO:

A MONTAGE OF TV NEWS REPORTS

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT

MIKE KNOWLAND (34), a dark haired reporter in a blue wind breaker stands across the street from the Myers house. In the background we see several POLICEMAN guarding the crime scene.

MIKE KNOWLAND

Behind me stands the unassuming home of Deborah Myers. In the early morning hours Police in Haddonfield were called to the scene of what has now turned out to be a triple homicide...

CUT TO:

INT. TELEVISION STATION - NEWS DESK - DAY

CANDICE MITCHELL (29) a cute blonde anchorwoman reads the morning news. Superimposed in the upper right corner is Michael's SCHOOL PHOTO.

CANDICE MITCHELL

Ten year old Michael Myers is being held in custody at this hour in connection with last night's brutal murders. The bloody Halloween slayings involved several members of the Myers family...

CUT TO:

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT

B-roll footage of Michael in HANDCUFFED being led into a squad car by TWO POLICE OFFICERS.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

Police described the carnage inside the Myers house as Manson-like in it's viciousness and more horrific than any horror movie Hollywood could image. The blood stained bodies of the victims...

CUT TO:

INT. TELEVISION STATION - NEWS DESK - DAY

TOM QUINCEY (46) a distinguished grey hair anchorman reports more details of the crime.

TOM QUINCEY

Judith Myers nude body was found face down in a pool of blood on the floor next to her bed. Apparently she had been stabbed seventeen times and repeatedly sodomized with a baseball bat recovered at the scene...

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD CEMETERY - DAY

A small group of mourners watches as Judith's casket is rolled from the back of the hearse. SIX PALLBEARERS carry the casket to the grave site. Deborah walks behind the casket.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

The body of local high school student Judith Myers was laid to rest today at Haddonfield Memorial cemetery. Myers, who was murdered by her brother was murdered last week in bizarre Halloween night killing spree...

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

CYNTHIA ROGERS (36) a serious looking brunette in a dark suit stands on the steps of the courthouse.

CYNTHIA ROGERS

The trial of accused triple murderer Michael Audrey Myers began today. Myers has been accused of the violent and brutal murders of three people on Halloween night.

The shot changes to earlier in the day as Michael is rushed through a throng of REPORTERS into the building by his LAWYERS.

REPORTER

Will they seek the death penalty?

LAWYER

No comment.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

A shot of Michael being helped out of a Police cruiser by TWO POLICEMEN. One escorts Michael while the other holds back THE REPORTERS.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

Michael Myers was back in court today for the final day of sentencing. The ten year old Myers was found guilty in the first on all three accounts sentenced to life in maximum security mental facility. The D.A. choice not to seek the death penalty due to Myers age.

INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY - LATER

Michael sits STIFF and EMOTIONLESS next to his lawyer. Behind the lawyer sits Deborah Myers and Dr. Loomis.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

Myers will serve the first eleven years of his sentence at maximum security juvenile facility until the age of twenty-one at which time he will be moved to an adult correctional institution.

The shot changes to footage of Dr. Loomis coming out of the courtroom.

NEWS REPORTER

(V.O.)(CONT'D)

Renowned Child Behaviorist Dr. Samuel Loomis was appointed by the Judge Masterson to oversee the care of Myers while a Smith's Grove...

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - LOOMIS'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Loomis stares intensely into camera. He breathes deep.

We pull back to see a broken woman -- Deborah Myers sitting opposite him -- her head is slumped down into her hands.

LOOMIS

This is in Michael's best interest. There is no other way.

Deborah looks up.

DEBORAH

No other way? Lock up my baby and throw away the key? Hide him away forever like a freak.

(begins to break down)

Why couldn't I see it? Shouldn't a mother see it... shouldn't his eyes show something?

LOOMIS

Don't torture yourself with thoughts of mother's intuition. It is impossible even for a mother to look deep into their child's eyes and see them committing a such a crime. No parent is capable of considering such a possibility.

DEBORAH

Can I see him?

LOOMIS

Yes.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MICHAEL'S ROOM - DAY

A blank white room. Michael sits staring blankly ahead at the wall -- looking beyond the wall.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Deborah and Loomis observe Michael's sitting in a comatose-like state through a two-way mirror. In his hands he holds a snapshot -- he stares intently at the picture.

Close up - picture. A BLACK & WHITE snapshot of Michael holding his BABY SISTER.

DEBORAH

Why does Michael just sit there staring at that picture?

LOOMIS

The infant you christened Michael is gone. What you see before you is an illusion, a hollow shell of what was once your son.

Deborah leans her head against the glass. Tears rolls down her cheeks.

DEBORAH

Dr. Loomis.

LOOMIS

Yes.

DEBORAH

Can you help him? Can he be... normal?

Loomis puts his hand on Deborah's shoulder.

LOOMIS

If he's in there I'll find him.

We hold on Michael's blank face.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - DAY - LATER

Dr. Loomis walks Deborah to her car.

LOOMIS

Don't worry Michael is my special project.

DEBORAH

He's not a project, Mr. Loomis. He's a little boy.

LOOMIS

I know... bad choice of words. I'll make sure he's well cared for.

Deborah stops at her car.

DEBORAH

Dr. Loomis.

(Deborah pulls a small reel
of a super 8 film from her
purse)

Take this.

Loomis takes the reel.

LOOMIS

What is this?

DEBORAH

I want you to watch that Doctor. I want
you to watch and see the real Michael not
the monster that I know you and the rest
of the world think he is.

LOOMIS

I can assure you I don't think that.

DEBORAH

Just watch it.

Deborah gets in her car and drives away. Loomis looks
down at the SUPER 8 REEL in his hands.

LOOMIS

Well Michael, let's see what you can
teach me.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - LOOMIS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Loomis threads Deborah's film through a small Super 8
movie projector. He switches on the projector --
FLICKERING WHITE LIGHT hits a small screen hung on the
opposite side of the room.

On screen we revisit moments from our opening credit
sequence: IMAGES OF THE PAST come alive -- a younger
happier Michael riding his tricycle on the sidewalk in
front of his house-- the film jumps to another scene of
Michael running back and forth jumping through a lawn
sprinkler.

He has a HUGE SMILE on his face as the water splashes all
around him.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM -- LOOMIS'S OFFICE - DAY

The film stops -- we freeze on the HAPPY YOUNG BOY. Light fills the room as Loomis raises the window shade. We now see Michael sitting in a chair facing the movie screen.

Loomis pulls up a chair next to Michael and sits down. A camera sits on tripod recording there conversation.

LOOMIS

Have you seen these films before?

Michael shrugs looking down at his feet.

LOOMIS (CONT'D)

Do you recognize the little boy?

MICHAEL

(quietly)

Oh yeah, I see him. He sneaks into my head and tell about things. I seen him a million... trillion times.

LOOMIS

Can you tell me who that is?

MICHAEL

(rambling)

Who is it? Who is it? Who is it? It doesn't matter.

(pauses)

He's dead.

LOOMIS

Why do you say that... Michael why do you say he's dead?

MICHAEL

(looks at Loomis)

Because I seen him bounce off the walls when he died...

(smiles)

... he bounce in my head when I killed him.

LOOMIS

You didn't kill him Michael. That little boy is you.

MICHAEL

(rocking back and forth)

I know who I am.... I know who I am...

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I know who I am... I know who I am.
(stops and looks at Loomis)
Do you Mr. Talky-talk-talk?

LOOMIS

Yes, I do. I'm Dr. Loomis. I'm here to help you.

MICHAEL

(chuckles)
Help me do what? I know how to do everything... I know how to do everything... I know how to do everything...

DISSOLVE TO:

A SERIES OF CLIPS FROM LOOMIS'S FILMS OF MICHAEL'S SESSIONS

In each of these film clips Loomis introduces the clip. Intercut within the clips are quick film snippets of Michael's wildly varying mood swings -- these swings run to gamut between love/hate, passive/violent, happy/sad and so on.

Clip #1

Loomis looks directly into camera.

LOOMIS

Dr. Samuel Loomis, December 24, 1978.

The clip changes to a two-shot of Loomis and Michael. Michael sits holding a wrapped present.

LOOMIS (CONT'D)

It's alright. Open it. It's Christmas eve.

MICHAEL

No.

LOOMIS

Why not?

MICHAEL

There's nothing inside.

LOOMIS

Why do you say that?

MICHAEL
Because I know. I'm not stupid.

Clip#2

Loomis introduces the clip.

LOOMIS
Dr. Samuel Loomis, August 12, 1978

The clip changes to the same two-shot. Loomis is holding one of Michael's crayon drawings. The drawing is basically a white piece of paper colored all black.

LOOMIS (CONT'D)
Can you tell me what you were thinking when you drew this?

MICHAEL
Do you like it?

LOOMIS
Yes, very much. Can you tell me about it? Why do you only use the black crayons.

MICHAEL
Because it looks better that way.

Clip #3

Loomis introduces the next clip.

LOOMIS
Dr. Samuel Loomis, Oct. 31, 1979

The same stark two shot as always -- Michael is wearing a plastic mask

LOOMIS (CONT'D)
Michael... I want to talk about Halloween.

MICHAEL
Trick or treat.

LOOMIS
Michael, time to be serious. It's been a year since you killed those people. How do you feel now? How do you feel about your sister?

MICHAEL
Good.

LOOMIS
Why do you feel good?

MICHAEL
Because instead of hurting... I was
hurting someone else. I liked it.

LOOMIS
You liked hurting others?

MICHAEL
Yes.

Michael pulls the mask down over his face.

LOOMIS
Michael, please take the mask off.

Michael doesn't move. Loomis reaches over and removes the mask. Michael looks furious.

Why do you like hurting others?

MICHAEL
Can I have my mask?

LOOMIS
Not right now.

MICHAEL
(sinister tone)
I want my mask.

LOOMIS
You can have it when we are finished.

MICHAEL
Give me my mask!

LOOMIS
Answer my question. Why do you like
hurting others?

MICHAEL
I am done talking to you. You are dead.

We now move quickly through several more clips spanning several years. In all of these clips MICHAEL REFUSES TO SPEAK TO LOOMIS. With each passing clip Michael sinks deeper into himself.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - GROUP AREA - DAY

Michael sits alone in a common area at a small table drawing with crayons and colored pencils, on his face is a paper mask.

Elsewhere in the room other older patients wander the room around him. Some mumble quietly to themselves, others argue with their invisible friends and yet others just stare blankly at the television.

A PAIR OF ATTENDANT are watching TV with SEVERAL PATIENTS.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM- HALLWAY

Dr. Loomis opens the door to Michael's room. He finds it empty, but for a janitor.

LOOMIS
(angry)
Where is he?

JANITOR
Who?

LOOMIS
(shouting)
Michael Myers!

JANITOR
I don't know... I think they said they were moving him to the group area or something.

Furious he storms down the hall.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - GROUP AREA

GUY CHUCKS (56) one of the crazier PATIENTS wanders over to Michael's table.

GUY
(stuttering)
I-I-I don't... don't think you should finish th-th-that... that is garbage.

Michael ignores him. Suddenly, Guy grabs Michael's artwork -- stares at it -- laughs and begins tearing it to pieces.

GUY (CONT'D)

No... no... no good... No good.

Michael explodes, jumping onto Guy's back - he covers Guy's mouth with one and stabs a pencil in his neck with the other.

Suddenly, Loomis bursts into the room.

LOOMIS

Michael!

Loomis tears Michael off of the man's back. Guy screams as blood runs from the pencil wounds in his neck. The attendants runs over to break it up.

LOOMIS (CONT'D)

Who authorized putting him in here?

ATTENDANT #1

I didn't think anything would happen... I thought...

LOOMIS

Do me a favor. Don't think. Get this man help.

ATTENDANT #2

I'll take Michael.

LOOMIS

No, you've done enough. I'll get Michael back in his room.

ATTENDANT #2

Sir, I really should escort you.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MICHAEL'S ROOM

Loomis and the attendant walk Michael back to his room. Michael is now completely calm.

ATTENDANT #2

You're not going to tell my supervisor are you... I mean he's usually so tame. I really didn't expect anything to happen.

Loomis opens the door and locks him in.

LOOMIS

He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf.

Michael goes to his bed and curls up in a fetal position.

LOOMIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Go ahead ask me. I'm the top head shrinker in this nut house. Go ahead ask. Can you cure him, doctor? Can you cure him, doctor? Can you cure him, doctor? These words have been echoing in my head so long they've worn tracks into my brain. How do you define cured? Would I let Michael move in with my family... play with my children... hell, would I even trust him with my German Shepherd for five minutes? The answer is no.

We move in on Michael's face -- focusing in on his eyes.

LOOMIS (CONT'D)

Those eyes don't lie... those eyes have stopped living... the so called windows to the soul are dead... empty. This one is lost.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - DAY

A title fades up on screen: SEVENTEEN YEARS LATER

A SMALL GROUP of locals has gathered to protest the closing of the sanitarium. Several hold sign proclaiming "Justice Has Failed" and "Michael The Murderer". An effigy of young Michael in his clown suit is strung up by its neck and swing from a pole.

MARIA SANTOS (34) a female reporter is on the scene covering the event.

MARIA SANTOS

Behind me stands Smith's Grove Sanitarium. For over forty years Smith's Grove has been home to some of the countries most mentally ill criminals...

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

A SECURITY GUARD is at small desk watching Santos's news report on a small TV.

Close up - TV

MARIA SANTOS

... that is until today. As we stand here Council Edwards along with Members of the hospital's administration are holding hearing to determine the relocation of Smith Groves inmates. A small crowd of concerned citizens has gathered to express their concerns.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

An oppressively dark wood paneled room. Dusty shafts of sunlight cut through the blinds -- illuminating an impressive array of TAXIDERMIED ANIMAL HEADS mounted on the wall.

Moving down the wall we find Smith's Grove Sanitarium's HEAD OF OPERATIONS - MORGAN WALKER (64), a RAIL THIN man in a drab grey suit. Morgan is seated behind a long conference table -- piled high on the table are over stuffed brown folders containing the inmates/patients records.

Seated to Walker's left is head physician at Smith's Grove, DOCTOR KOPLERSON (45) a large bearded man with a bandaged eye -- to his right COUNCILMAN EDWARDS (52) a puffy man with a bad comb over.

Sitting across from our panel of evaluators is MAX SHORE, a tiny man in hospital issued pajamas. TWO SANITARIUM ATTENDANTS stand on either side of him.

WALKER

(flipping through one of the folders)

I see hear that the patient 3478 Maxwell Tiberius Shore has been evaluated as...

(adjusts his reading glasses and scans a document from one of the folders)

... "having adaptive behavior skills to the degree that the patient meets the standard of personal independence.

(turns to Koplerson)

Are these you're findings Dr. Koplerson?

KOPLERSON

They are.

WALKER

Could this patient be deemed socially responsible within the confines of a group house?

A court stenographer sits in the corner typing.

KOPLENSEN

Yes.

WALKER

Is it your recommendation that Mr. Shore is fit to be moved to a group living situation?

KOPLENSEN

Yes, that is my recommendation.

WALKER

Councilman, any objections?

EDWARDS

(bored)

No objections.

Walker stamps Shore's file and closes it.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - HALLWAY

We follow TWO ATTENDANTS down a long hallway. The first is MARSHALL JOHNSON(57), a large black man, in his hands is a set of wrist and ankle chains -- the other man is NOEL KLUGGS(32), a hulking jarhead type.

The two men stop at a white METAL DOOR with a small screened window. Noel stands waiting as Marshall unlocks the door.

MARSHALL

(speaking into the screen)

Alright Mikey, it's time to go.

Marshall opens the door -- the two men enter.

**INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MICHAEL'S ROOM -
CONTINUOUS**

A stark white room, but for the hundreds of primitive paper masks taped to the walls. Michael sits hunched over a child's activity table working on another mask.

Michael's long matted brown hair completely obscures his face.

MARSHALL

What'cha drawing Mikey? Another mask?

Marshall cautiously approaches Michael. Michael covers the unfinished mask with his forearm.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Don't worry I won't look at it.

(begins slowly unwrapping the chains)

Sorry about this Mikey... Boss says I got put them on ya. I know you ain't gonna do nobody no harm.

Close up -- on the SHACKLES being LOCKED around Michael's ANKLES -- from the ankles we follow the chains up to Michael's WRISTS -- Marshall securely locks them in place.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Okay buddy, almost done.

(Marshall snap the final lock)

Let me know if that's too tight.

NOEL

The way you treat this moron makes me sick. Why the fuck are you so concerned with this retard feelings?

MARSHALL

Just hand me the junk and shut your mouth.

Noel hands Marshall a sealed SYRINGE packet. Marshall tears it open and checks the syringe.

NOEL

What's the point of doping him up? Look at him, he's already a fucking vegetable.

(to Michael)

Ain't that right, retard. Duh... duh... duh. You can't talk.

MARSHALL

(Marshall positions the needle on Michael's arm)

Get ready for a little pinch, Mikey.

NOEL

Be careful you wouldn't wanna hurt the
retard.

Marshall STICKS the NEEDLE in -- Michael doesn't flinch.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - HALLWAY

Marshall and Noel exit the room.

MARSHALL

Come on out Mikey, just follow me. Don't
be scared.

Michael STEPS OUT from the room DUCKING in order to fit
through the doorway. For the first time we see his true
towering size. Michael is HUGE, six foot ten, two hundred
and eighty pounds.

The three men begin walking down the hallway.

NOEL

Seriously Marshall, it really makes me
sick the way you pamper these crazy
fucks.

MARSHALL

Don't be jealous. I'll treat you the same
way someday.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - CONFERENCE ROOM

Exhausted from the day's proceedings, Walker removes his
glasses and wipes his bloodshot eyes.

WALKER

(pulls the next folder from
the top of the pile)

Alright, next we have...

(puts on his glasses)

Myers... Michael Myers

The door SWINGS OPEN and Michael enters followed by
Marshall and Noel. Councilman Edwards looks very NERVOUS
at Michael's presence.

Marshall and Noel sit Michael in the chair before Walker
and they take their place on either side.

KOPLENSEN

Why is this man in chains?

EDWARDS

Because I requested it. This man is a dangerous maniac.

WALKER

(ignoring Edwards)

Hmmmmmm, I see here that a Dr. Loomis was the primary doctor involved with this case.

(looking towards Koplenson)

Has Mr. Loomis been contacted?

KOPLERSON

Negative, I felt there was no need to contact Dr. Loomis as to these proceedings. Dr. Loomis retired from practice eighteen months ago and has not made any attempt to contact myself or the patient in that time.

WALKER

I see.

KOPLERSON

I have been in complete charge of the patient and am fully capable of evaluating his mental state.

WALKER

And that state is?

KOPLERSON

I believe the patient has remained locked in a mental state of regression since the age of ten. Due to this regression I believe the patient to be without any recurring violent tendencies what so ever.

WALKER

Your recommendation is?

KOPLERSON

Transference to a minimum security facility.

Marshall is SHOCKED by what he is hearing, but is in no position to comment.

EDWARDS

Now wait a minute, are you aware of the drain on the tax payer with these lifer patients?

(MORE)

EDWARDS (CONT'D)

(looks through some papers)
Roughly one hundred and eighty-seven thousand per year. I say he's cured. Let him get a job and support himself. Surely can work at a toll booth or a loading dock or something.

WALKER

I see no reason why this man can not be trusted in a minimum security facility with regular visits from a state appointed agent.

Walker STAMPS Michael's transfer paper - APPROVED.

EDWARDS

(aggravated)

Sure stamp away. More money wasted. How am I supposed to sell this to the public.

WALKER

That's your problem councilman.

(grabs another folder)

Next.

We hold on Michael's face. His expression is impossible to discern through his TANGLED MASS of HAIR.

EXT. LOOMIS RESIDENCE - SUNSET

A small rustic COUNTRY HOUSE nestled in a thick grove of trees.

INT. LOOMIS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

ELLEN LOOMIS (55), an attractive silver haired woman is chopping vegetables with a huge cutting knife -- beside her is her best friend LISA GREY (50). Lisa pours herself another glass of red wine.

LISA

(quietly)

So how's Sam doing? Any stalkers this year?

ELLEN

Thankfully, no. I think this is the first year that some tabloid rag hasn't tried to contact him to discuss the murders.

LISA

Christ, can't they give it a rest. What's it been fifteen years.

ELLEN

Seventeen... but unfortunately the public's fascination with it seems to grow each year.

(lowers her voice)

You know there was even a website selling WWMD T-shirts.

LISA

WWMD... what's that?

ELLEN

You know like those Jesus shirts... WWJD... What would Jesus do? They were selling WWMD... "What Would Michael Do"?

Lisa laughs.

LISA

(chuckles)

I'm sorry, you gotta admit, that's kind of funny

(stops laughing)

How does Sam react?

ELLEN

I try and keep that type of stuff away from him. Trust me, he wouldn't be amused.

INT. LOOMIS RESIDENCE - DEN - CONTINUOUS

Close up - on a photo of a woman crying over her dead husband's body

In the background the calming sounds of Glenn Gould's Goldberg Variations plays quietly.

LOOMIS (O.C.)

I took this one was during a protest in Haiti. The national police were distributing machetes in the slums and encouraging infighting among the locals. This woman's husband had just been hacked to death by his neighbor. The wife grabbed me and screamed for me to take this picture.

We pull back from the photo to see: Dr. Loomis standing at his desk holding the photo. He looks much OLDER and GREYER. Beside him is his friend LUKE GREY (56), a distinguished looking professor type.

LUKE

Jesus Sammy, what are you doing fucking around in Hatii. You are certifiable.

LOOMIS

I guess I am. You spend your whole life surrounded by crazy people... something is gonna rub off, right?

LUKE

How's this for a vacation idea... Cancun?

LOOMIS

What am I gonna photograph down there?

LUKE

What are you gonna photograph down there? Young topless girls parading around in thongs... that's what you're gonna photograph down there.

Flips over picture to reveal a shot of Michael at age eighteen. Once again a HOMEMADE MASK covers his face.

LUKE (CONT'D)

What's this one?

Loomis covers it up.

LOOMIS

Oh, nothing.

LUKE

Wait a second.

(pulls the photo out of the pile)

I want to see it. Who is that?

LOOMIS

That's the last picture I ever took of Michael Myers.

LUKE

What's with the mask?

LOOMIS

(sighs)

The mask... the mask...

(MORE)

LOOMIS (CONT'D)

(takes a deep breath)

... well, by that point he was a mask.
There was no conventional form of
communication left. All there was were
those fucking masks.

LUKE

I don't follow. What's the significance
of the masks?

LOOMIS

Michael created hundreds of these masks.
Each was slightly different. It became
his only form of expression.

LUKE

How so?

LOOMIS

Well, he'd wear one mask when he was
hungry, one when he was tired, one when
he had to shit, one when he was just
staring off into space thinking...

(puts the picture away)

... that boy was the great mystery slash
failure of my career.

LUKE

Failure? Please, I'd say you went above
and beyond the call on that one. Sammy,
sometimes you just gotta walk away... for
your own sanity if nothing else.

LOOMIS

Now your giving me tired old Ellen's
speech, sounds great on paper... but you
can never really walk away. In some cases
definitely, sure it's over done, case
closed... but Michael was different.

INT. LOOMIS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN

Ellen pulls her CORNISH GAME HENS out of the oven.

ELLEN

Look at those birds... are those perfect
or what?

Lisa pours herself another glass of wine.

LISA

Oh, I heard the Conrads are headed to divorce court. Apparently Libby is now a card carrying lesbian.

ELLEN

Yeah and what part of that is suppose to shock me?

LISA

The lesbian part I guess.

The phone rings.

ELLEN

Excuse me, a sec.

Ellen sets down the knife and picks up the phone.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

(answering)

Hello.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

A nervous looking Marshall is sitting in his car calling from his cell phone.

MARSHALL

Hi, I'm sorry to bother you but I'm looking for a Dr. Samuel Loomis. Is this his number?

ELLEN

(to Lisa)

Unbelievable.

LISA

What?

ELLEN

(into the phone)

Yes, it is. Who's calling?

MARSHALL

Well, um... my name is... well, I'd rather not say. Oh fuck it, my name is Marshall Johnson and I work at Smith's Grove Sanitarium. I have something very important to...

INT. LOOMIS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The mere mention of Smith's Grove alarms Ellen.

ELLEN

Smith's Grove... what's this in reference to?

MARSHALL

Michael Myers.

Ellen face drops.

ELLEN

He doesn't want to talk about that subject. Good bye.

MARSHALL

Please, don't hang up... please hear me out.

INT. LOOMIS RESIDENCE - HOBBY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Loomis and Luke are looking at another picture of Michael. Ellen enters holding the phone.

ELLEN

(nervous)

Sam, there's a man named Marshall Johnson on the phone.

LOOMIS

I don't know anyone named Marshall Johnson.

ELLEN

He's says he works at Smith's Grove and it concerns... um...

LOOMIS

Concerns who?

ELLEN

Michael Myers.

Loomis's EYES WIDEN as a SHOCK runs through NERVOUS SYSTEM. He takes the phone.

LOOMIS

This is Loomis.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Marshall checks the rear view mirror.

MARSHALL
They're moving him.

LOOMIS
(screaming)
What!?

INT. LOOMIS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN

Lisa and Luke stand in the kitchen waiting.

LUKE
Sounds like he's really losing his shit
in there.

LISA
Should we leave?

LUKE
I'm starving.

In the background we hear a loud commotion coming from he
bedroom.

INT. LOOMIS RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Loomis is frantically grabbing clothes from the dresser
and stuffing them into a suit case.

ELLEN
What the hell is going on? Tell me what's
happening?!

LOOMIS
They're moving him! Those simple minded
bureaucratic idiots!

ELLEN
Sam! Sam, you promised me Michael was out
of our lives. Sam, you swore!

LOOMIS
I have to stop this!

Loomis opens a drawer and pulls out his REVOLVER.

ELLEN

What do you think you're doing with that?
What are you going to kill him!

LOOMIS

If necessary.

ELLEN

You can't take a gun on a plane.

LOOMIS

(screams)

Damn it!

(puts it back in the drawer)

You're right. I'll get another.

ELLEN

This is crazy. You acting like a crazy
person! Calm down and tell me what's
happening.

Loomis stops his mad packing, holds his wife close and
tries to comfort his wife.

LOOMIS

Ellen, listen to me. This is the end I-I
promise. I-I have to be there... I have
to stop this. You know what this means.

Ellen sits down on the bed and begins to cry. She knows
there is no stopping him.

ELLEN

Just go.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - NIGHT

A hard rain falls. Flashes of lightning illuminate the
grounds of Smith's Grove.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Michael sits on his bed staring at the rain pounding
against his window. The only light in the room is the
blue glow of moonlight.

The distant sound of SCREAMING mixed with LAUGHTER can be
heard echoing in the cavernous hallways.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - HALLWAY

The source of the commotion -- Noel Kluggs and his trouble making buddy KENDALL JACKS wander the halls CELEBRATING Smith's Grove final night.

Both men are very DRUNK.

NOEL
(raising his bottle of booze)
Here's to me being out of a fucking job!
(screaming)
Fuck you Smith's Grove!

Noel smashes the bottle against the wall.

KENDALL
Hey, where the cute retard you told me about?

NOEL
Oh, don't worry she's around.

KENDALL
Prove it man, show me.

NOEL
Hey fuck you... I'll show you. She's alright looking for a retard and it ain't her snatch is retarded. If you know what I saying?

KENDALL
Can she talk?

NOEL
Sort of. Don't worry she's ain't gonna tell.

Noel stops at a one of the rooms -- opens the door and pulls out it's occupant. A terrified young woman, KAREN MERCY (27).

NOEL (CONT'D)
See?

KENDALL
Yeah, she's pretty good.

NOEL
Hey, I got an idea.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MICHAEL'S ROOM

CLICK... the DEAD BOLT to Michael's DOOR unlocks -- the door swings open -- Noel enters.

NOEL

Hey Mikey Mike Mikey, I thought since it's our last night together I'd throw you a going away party.

(to Kendall)

Get the bitch in here.

Kendall DRAGS Karen into the room -- Noel STRIPS OFF Karen's pajamas and holds her naked before Michael.

NOEL(CONT'D)

(laughing)

Hey murderer, what do ya think? Want some pussy?

(louder)

Hey dummy, I'm talking to you!

Michael looks at Karen through the eyeholes of his PAPER MASK.

KENDALL

Fuck man, he ain't gonna do nothing. Let me hit that shit first.

NOEL

Alright... Mikey, watch and learn.

Kendall PUSHES Karen down onto Michael's bed -- Noel PINS HER DOWN as Kendall climbs on the terrified girl and begins to rape her. Karen fights to get away but to no avail.

The scene grows more horrific. As soon as Kendall finishes -- Noel drops his pants and crawls on top of Karen. Michael watches without any reaction.

Noel rolls off of Karen -- Kendall drags a whimpering Karen towards Michael.

KENDALL

Come on boy, come and get it! What are you a retard and a faggot too.

(to Noel)

Maybe he likes dudes?

Michael pulls another PAPER HALLOWEEN MASK down from the wall and places it over the one he is already wearing. The new mask is ORANGE and BLACK. He stands and walks towards Kendall.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Hey look, he wants some.

NOEL

Hey we taught the retard how to fuck.

Michael slowly approaches -- Kendall pushes Karen towards him -- Michael reaches out.

NOEL (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Get some, boy. Get it!

KENDALL

(laughing)

I got her hole all warmed up for ya.

Michael SPRINGS forward and GRABS Kendall by the throat SLAMMING him back against the wall. Michael LIFTS Kendall off his FEET by his THROAT. Kendall fights to break free -- kicking his legs wildly as Michael's iron grip CRUSHES the life from him.

Noel jumps up -- fumbling with his tangled pants caught around his ankles. Noel pulls out a STUN GUN from his belt and LUNGES at Michael ZAPPING the gun against Michael's back.

BBBBUUUUZZZZZZZZZZZZ! Michael is barely affected by the gun's shock. He drops Kendall's lifeless body to the floor and turns towards Noel.

Noel stumbles into the hallway, tripping over his pants.

SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Michael RUSHES out into the hall after Noel -- GRABS him around the HEAD -- and begins smashing Noel's FACE against the wall until it is a BLOODY MESS.

Michael drops Noel's limp corpse to the floor -- then proceeds to grab Noel's keys from his belt.

Michael CALMLY walks off down the hall unlocking each room as he goes. The patients begin to poke their heads out and begin wandering from their rooms.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - GUARD STATION

Close up - TV

On screen we see a scene from George Romero's classic "NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD".

Pulling back from the screen we find: EARL HICKS (35), the graveyard shift security guard -- Earl leans back in his chair eating a sandwich -- deeply engrossed in the film.

On the wall behind Earl are several security screens. On these screens we watch as the newly FREED PATIENTS wander the halls.

The door swings open. Another security guard, BILL JUDGE (47) enters holding two cups of steaming hot coffee -- he immediately notices the ACTION on the screens.

BILL

Jesus fuck Earl! What the hell!

EARL

What?

BILL

Everybody's in the ward is fucking wandering around loose!

EARL

(looks at the screens)

Whoa! How the hell did they all get out?

BOOM! The door to the guard station SLAMS open. The huge figure of Michael stands silently in the doorway.

EARL (CONT'D)

Jesus, you scared the crap outta me. Okay pal, back to your room.

(moves towards Michael)

Let's go.

-- without warning Michael CHARGES IN and SMASHES Earl across the face KNOCKING HIM COLD.

BILL

Hey!

Bill dives onto Michael's back -- Michael reaches behind him and RIPS Bill from his back holding Bill above his head like a child. SMASH! Michael throws Bill against the wall -- Bill slides down to the floor DAZED.

Michael stares down at Bill with a childish wonder -- then picks up the TV and smashes it down over Bill's head.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - NIGHT

Michael stands motionless in the cold October air as water pours down his face. Behind him several patients run wild dancing and running in the rain.

Lightning crashes.

EXT. LOOMIS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The headlights of a taxi cut through the darkness. The taxi pulls to a stop in front of the Loomis house and honks it's horn.

INT. LOOMIS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Loomis looks out the window.

 LOOMIS
My cab's here. Ellen, I gotta go!
 (picks up his suitcase)
Ellen what are you doing?

Suddenly, a bloody-curdling scream breaks the silence.

 LOOMIS (CONT'D)
Ellen!

Loomis runs through the house towards the bedroom and the sound of Ellen's screaming.

INT. LOOMIS RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Loomis kicks open the door to the bedroom to find ADULT MICHAEL dressed in his CLOWN SUIT holding a bloody and battered Ellen down on her knees. Michael holds a HUGE KNIFE at her throat.

Lying dead on the floor are Luke and Lisa.

ELLEN

Sam... help me.

LOOMIS

Michael... don't... put the knife down.

Michael stares straight into Loomis's eyes -- then racks the knife across Ellen's throat with a sickening SLICE.

LOOMIS (CONT'D)

Noooooooooo!

INT. PLANE - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

A sleeping Dr. Loomis is suddenly JARRED AWAKE by the JOLT of the plane's landing gear hitting the tarmac. It was all a nightmare.

The CAPTIAN'S VOICE comes over the loud speaker.

CAPTIAN (O.C.)

On behalf of myself and the entire flight crew I'd like to welcome to Illinois. The local time is six twenty-two AM... and it's forty-seven degrees outside so make sure you bundle up if you are taking the kids trick or treating tonight.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - MORNING

As the sun begins to creep over the horizon. We watch as Loomis's plane moves down the runway.

Subtitle reads : October 31 - Halloween

EXT. AIRPORT - MORNING

Loomis, a leather carry-on bag over each shoulder, exits through the automatic sliding doors of the airport. STATE TROOPER RANDALL (38) is waiting for him.

RANDALL

Dr. Loomis?

LOOMIS

Yes.

RANDALL

Can you please follow me? I'm here to take you to Smith's Grove.

LOOMIS

What's going on? What's happened?

RANDALL

There's been an incident.

EXT. TRAVEL SAFE TRUCK STOP - MORNING

Michael's POV - we watch the slow early morning activity of the truck stop. An 18 wheeler pulls in and stops. A huge AMERICAN EAGLE is painted on the cab. Underneath the eagle it reads "FREEBIRD".

BIG JOE GRIZZLY (45) a large mountain man TRUCKER dressed in a dirty MECHANIC'S UNIFORM steps down from the cab -- and heads towards the rest room.

INT. TRUCK STOP - REST ROOM STALL - MORNING

Joe Grizzly relaxes on the toilet smoking a cigarette and reading a porno magazine. A large pair of BARE FEET move into view under the stall door.

JOE

(friendly)

I'm gonna be awhile, buddy. So do you mind waiting somewhere else and let me shit in peace.

No response.

JOE (CONT'D)

(getting annoyed)

Hey, this shitter is taken so keep it moving.

No response.

JOE (CONT'D)

(loud and angry)

Look if you're looking for some faggot action you better fuck off before I'm done dropping this load or you're gonna be one sorry asshole.

The feet still don't move.

JOE (CONT'D)

Okay, I see... what we have here is a failure to communicate.

Joe Grizzly pulls up his pants, pulls out a HUGE HUNTING KNIFE from his belt and opens the stall door. Michael is standing there.

JOE (CONT'D)
Look fuck-head. I said...

Michael GRABS Joe Grizzly and SHOVES him back into the stall. Joe tries to raise the knife, Michael GRABS Joe by the wrist twisting it until it SNAPS!.

JOE (CONT'D)
Arrrrrgghh! My wrist you broken my fucking wrist!

The knife drops to the floor. Michael reaches down and picks up the knife. Michael raises the knife.

JOE (CONT'D)
Hold on... I didn't mean anything... come on.

Michael SAVAGELY STABS Joe deep in the chest -- dragging the blade across -- a a HUGE WOUND opens.

From outside the stall we see Joe's legs KICKING WILDLY -- after a brief violent struggle they stop moving. Blood begins to running down onto the white tile floor.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MORNING

POLICE and EMERGENCY WORKERS are now on the scene trying to wrangle the crazed PATIENTS running loose on the grounds. Several NEWS VANS are also on the scene reporting.

Trooper Randall pulls his cruiser through Smith's Grove's main gate and stops.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Loomis throws open the door.

RANDALL
Wait! I have to escort you!

Randall watches as Loomis tears through the crime scene tape and runs inside.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MORGAN WALKER'S OFFICE

Close up - video screen

Loomis watches video footage of Michael walking through the halls of Smith's Grove --- rampaging patients run wild around him. Loomis freezes the tape on a shot of Michael's masked face looking straight into the camera.

LOOMIS

This is your fault! You are responsible!

WALKER

Oh no, you're not pinning this on me. I can't be responsible for everything that goes on here. He was your patient doctor.

LOOMIS

Was.. was my patient! All you had to do was play zoo keeper and keep the animal in his cage!

WALKER

Well, if our security wasn't sufficient you should have warned us.

LOOMIS

Warn you?

(laughs to himself)

Oh, that's just beautiful. I see... now we all play dumb and discuss among ourselves about how "we didn't know".

(shouting)

I warned everybody! Nobody listened!

Loomis storms out.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM

Loomis quickly exits the main entrance of the sanitarium. He is immediately followed by Walker.

WALKER

Look, I've given the authorities his complete profile! He won't get far.

LOOMIS

Two road blocks and an all points bulletin wouldn't stop a five year old!

Loomis reaches his car and opens the door.

WALKER

Look... Sam! What do you want me to do?
Just tell me.

Loomis stops at his car and turns.

LOOMIS

(clam and intense)

I want you to get on the phone and tell
them what exactly walk out of here last
night and where he's going.

Loomis opens the car door.

WALKER

Going? Jesus Sam, we don't know where
he's going.

LOOMIS

(sarcastic)

It must be great living in denial. I'll
have to try it sometime.

(intense)

Look you and your army of shirt tuckers
in there know exactly where he's going!

WALKER

Where?

LOOMIS

Haddonfield!

Loomis gets in the car.

WALKER

(leans into the driver's side
window)

Who's living in denial now? Haddonfield
is over a hundred miles from here! What's
he gonna do walk there?

Loomis pulls out and speeds off.

WALKER (CONT'D)

(shouting after the car)

Christ, he's wearing fucking pajamas!

EXT. DEBORAH MYER'S TRAILER - MORNING

A small, dirt poor mobile home.

INT. DEBORAH MYER'S TRAILER - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Close up - TV

On screen the morning news report -- the LOCAL ANCHOR
MAN discusses the case of Michael Myers.

LOCAL ANCHOR

Beginning in 1983 with the publishing of
the number one best sellers The Eyes Of
The Devil - The Michael Myers Story and
it's follow up Death In Haddonfeild.
Michael Myers achieved worldwide fame, as
did the author of these books Dr. Samuel
Loomis.

Deborah sits watching the TV -- in her hands is a LOADED
GUN. A SHAPE appears in the window of the door -- the
door knobs turns. The door is locked and chained -- Boom!
The door is kicked in -- snapping the chain.

It is Michael.

DEBORAH

I knew you'd come back for me.

Michael enters, now dressed in Big Joe's clothes and
still wearing his paper mask -- he walks slowly towards
Deborah. In his hands is the same B+W PICTURE of himself
as a child holding his BABY SISTER.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

I had no choice... I didn't want to give
away my babies... but... but...

Michael moves in closer. Michael holds out the picture
towards Deborah.

MICHAEL

(hoarse and raw)

Boo.

DEBORAH

She dead Michael... you can't find her...
she's gone.

MICHAEL

Boo.

Deborah raises the gun and places it in her mouth.

Michael stands towering over Deborah -- tears stream down her face.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Boo.

DEBORAH

You'll never find her.

BOOM! She pulls the trigger. Blood spatters up onto Michael. The screen goes black.

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MORNING

A quiet, friendly upper middle class neighborhood. Fallen multi-colored leaves dance across the street in a gust of wind.

A subtitle fades up : HADDONFIELD, ILLINOIS

EXT. STRODES HOUSE - MORNING

A modest two-story house. Styrofoam TOMBSTONES dot the perfectly mannered front yard. A pair of friendly-faced SKELETONS dangle from the front porch blowing in the breeze.

INT. STRODES HOUSE - MORNING

The STRODE FAMILY is gathered around the kitchen table eating breakfast - MASON STRODE (51), a handsome man with greying hair, CYNTHIA STRODE (45) an attractive woman with classic bone structure and their daughter LAURIE STRODE (17), pretty in an unassuming natural way.

MASON

(reading the newspaper)

I don't believe it. Well, I guess that's progress for ya.

CYNTHIA

What?

MASON

Says here Nichols Hardware is going out of business.

CYNTHIA

Good riddance. They're over-priced and never have anything I need.. and besides Mr. Nichols is more than a little senile... or certainly pretends to be so he can rub up against me.

Mason sets down the paper and pours another cup of coffee.

MASON

Yeah, see... that's what I mean. That's the charm of those Mom and Pop places.

CYNTHIA

A horny old pervert is suppose to be part of the charm?

MASON

Hey, I've been going in there since I was a kid and...

LAURIE

(interrupts)

Oh boy, here we go. Why do I know this story is going to involve penny candy and some kind of valuable life lesson that can only be taught while buying a screwdriver.

MASON

Oh sure, let the marauding corporate monsters of America destroy everything special about this town.

CYNTHIA

Corporate monsters or not, all I know is Handy-Mart is cheaper and no one's sneaking up on me for a cheap grope.

MASON

You'll miss it when it 's gone.

(looks at his watch)

Whoa, I gotta get out of here.

LAURIE

Yeah, me too. I'll walk out with you.

EXT. STRODES HOUSE

Laurie and Mason Strode step out of the house into the crisp October air.

MASON

Thanks again for dropping the keys off.

LAURIE

No sweat.

Laurie begins to head off down the sidewalk -- Mason walks to his car in the driveway. Emblazoned on the side door is "STRODE REAL ESTATE".

MASON

Just leave the keys inside on the stairs.

LAURIE

I know Dad, I know.

MASON

They're coming by to look at it later and...

LAURIE

Don't worry I can handle it.

EXT. STREETS OF HADDONFIELD - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

We follow Laurie as she walks through the residential streets of her neighborhood. On her back is a backpack filled with schoolbooks.

As Laurie crosses the street TOMMY DOYLE (8), a curly mop-top headed boy in an orange pumpkin t-shirt runs up to meet her.

TOMMY

Laurie wait up!

LAURIE

Hey, Tommy.

Tommy runs up beside her and walks with her.

TOMMY

Can I ask you something serious?

LAURIE

Sure.

TOMMY

Did you ever hear about the Mexican Wolfman?

LAURIE

(laughs)

No.

TOMMY

Yeah well, he's real, I saw him on tv last night. His name is Danny and his face is completely covered with hair... and he likes soccer. I swear, they showed him. He's a wolf.

LAURIE

Tommy, I don't know what you're talking about. My advice to you is to lay off the Sugar Smacks.

TOMMY

(gets animated)

Don't act like I'm crazy! It's true! They said he was hyper or had hyper something.

LAURIE

What?

(thinks)

Oh, no see they probably said he had hypertrichosis. That's a rare disease that causes too much hair to grow on your body. You know... like Robin Williams.

TOMMY

Huh? Well I don't know he sure looked like a real Wolfman to me.

LAURIE

(laughs)

Whatever you say.

TOMMY

Can I catch hypertricacaldosios?

LAURIE

Sure, why not?

TOMMY

Cool.

Tommy howls like a wolf.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

We scan through the dark, dank basement to find the figure of Michael hunched over DIGGING viciously at the rotting wood basement floor with his BARE HANDS -- he grunts frantically as he works.

Close up floors boards -- as Michael RIPS away another board to reveal -- THE MASK. Buried beneath the basement floor is Michael's killing mask from SEVENTEEN YEARS AGO.

Michael gently picks up the dirty rotting mask and holds it up against the BEAMS OF LIGHT spilling in from the basement window. The ghostly face seems to GLOW in the dusty light.

Michael stands and slowly pulls the filthy, rotting MASK over his head. THE EVIL HAS RETURNED.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Laurie and Tommy walk up to the front of the Myers house. Years of total neglect have left the house a DILAPIDATED shell. Laurie opens the broken front gate and starts up the front walk.

TOMMY

Whoa, hold up! What are you crazy? You can't go up there.

LAURIE

Oh, yes I can.

TOMMY

That's the Devil house. The boogie man lives there!

LAURIE

Oooooooooooooooooo, so scary. Maybe Danny the Wolfman will get me.

TOMMY

Don't even joke about it. I'm serious!

Laurie steps up on the front porch and unlocks the front door. Tommy keeps his distance and waits by gate.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Michael heads JERKS as he HEARS the sound of the LOCK TURNING.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Laurie enters the house and places the keys and envelope on the main stairs.

From Michael's POV we watch as she sets down the envelope -- the contents spill out onto the floor.

LAURIE

Damn it.

Laurie bends down and begins picking up the envelope's contents. Michael studies her and begins to SLOWLY move in closer.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tommy is pacing nervously.

TOMMY

Laurie! Laurie hurry up!

INT. MYERS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Over Laurie shoulder we see Michael standing SILENTLY. Laurie picks up the last document, stuffs it back in the envelope and sets it down.

LAURIE

Alright, Spas-boy. I'm coming.

Laurie opens the door and exits.

EXT. MYER'S HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Tommy grabs Laurie's hand and quickly pulls her away from the house.

TOMMY

Oh man, I thought he got you.

LAURIE

Who?

TOMMY

The boogie man! Man, don't you ever listen? Lonnie Elam said the boogie man definitely lives in there.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Michael watches Laurie and Tommy as they walk away.

LAURIE

Lonnie Elam? I'm pretty sure Lonnie Elam was dropped on his head more than once as a baby.

TOMMY

Why? What happens if you're dropped on your head?

LAURIE

Why do you ask so many questions?

TOMMY

I don't know. I just wonder about stuff.

EXT. MINI MALL - MORNING

A tiny mini-mall consisting of the QUICK SPIN LAUNDRY MAT, PEEPSHOW XXX VIDEO SHOP and DEREK'S BUCK-EYE GUN EMPORIUM.

Loomis's car pulls into the parking lot and stops.

INT. DEREK'S BUCK-EYE

A weapon owners dream. Every conceivable model of gun is on display along with a full sized stuffed MOOSE standing DEAD CENTER in the store. Behind the counter is the proprietor -- DEREK ALLAN (55), an unshaven country type dressed in worn hunting gear. Derek is devouring a breakfast burrito.

Loomis enters, eyes the moose and walks up to the counter.

LOOMIS

I'd like to buy a gun.

DEREK

(mouthful of food)

Alrighty, what ya looking for?

LOOMIS
I'm not really sure.

DEREK
Well, what are you hunting? Duck, deer...
ex-wife? Just kidding about that last.
(changes tone)
Seriously, if in anyway something like
that is about to go down or you are even
thinking about... I don't wanna know.

LOOMIS
(false chuckle)
No... well um... it's rather hard to
explain...
(sees a picture behind the
counter of a bear)
... bears... I'm going bear hunting.

DEREK
Okay, now we're talking. Are you sure I
can't interest you in a crossbow? Ya know
Ted Nugent back to nature style or... no,
you probably need the whole city slicker
package. Full fire power... somehow I
don't see you in a loin cloth attacking
it Grizzly Man style.

LOOMIS
(points to a gun in the
showcase)
Huh? Yeah no.. um... what about that one?

DEREK
(laughs)
Well, that's an interesting choice.

Derek pulls the gun out of the case. It is a .357 magnum.

DEREK (CONT'D)
You wanna hunt bears with this? Chief,
you seen too many fucking Dirty Harry
movies.

LOOMIS
(chuckles)
Yeah maybe, but I'll take it.

DEREK
(wipes foods off his hands)
Alright, you're the boss. Now I just got
to get you to fill out these forms.
(MORE)

DEREK (CONT'D)
(reaches under the counter
and grabs some papers)
You see there's a 24 hour waiting period.

LOOMIS
I need it now.

DEREK
Hey, God bless America baby. Tell it to
your bleeding heart congressman. Check
this out.
(rolls up his sleeve to
reveal a tattoo of the 2nd
amendment on his arm)
Second amendment, nice huh?

LOOMIS
Yeah, nice.
(looks closer)
Militia is spelled wrong.

DEREK
Huh?
(shrugs)
Whatever. You get the point, if it were
up to me I'd load the fucking bitch for
you myself and let you Magnum Force your
ass right out the door but...

Loomis lays three one hundred dollar bills on the
counter.

DEREK (CONT'D)
... you know times is tough, my
transmission is shot and the fuel pan is
leaking...

Loomis throws down another two hundred.

DEREK (CONT'D)
... seeing as your hunting bears and
all... I guess I could possibly
reconsider things.

Loomis throws down another hundred.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Say hi to Smokey for me.

EXT. DEREK'S BUCK EYE GUN

Loomis exits the store holding a large paper bag -- gets
into his car and drives away.

INT. HADDONFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - LIBRARY - DAY

Laurie sits by the window at a long table taking notes from a large history book. Across from her sits her best friend ANNIE BRACKETT (18), a cute, curly-haired brunette.

ANNIE
(whispering)
So did you give any more thought to my proposal?

LAURIE
I don't know, Annie. What if something happens?

ANNIE
What's gonna happen?

LAURIE
I don't know.

ANNIE
Laurie come on, it will be fine.

LYNDA (18), a hot blonde cheerleader type with a bad attitude, leans into Laurie's ear.

LYNDA
(whispers)
What will be fine?

LAURIE
Annie wants to pretend to baby sit Lindsey Wallace, then sneak out and dump her with me, so she can see Paul.

LYNDA
Owww, crafty... I like it. I thought Paul was grounded for wrecking his dad's motorcycle.

Laurie glances out the window -- she sees a station wagon parked on the street in front of the school. Behind the wheel sits a man -- we can't make out his features -- he appears to be watching Laurie.

ANNIE
He was, but he got out of it.
(pleading to Laurie)
(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Please, please I'll give you all the money. I promise I'll get back before the Wallace's return.

LAURIE

(staring at the car)

What if they come home early?

Laurie turns from the window.

ANNIE

Don't sweat it. Mrs. Wallace is a lush. They'll be out all night.

She glances out the window again -- the car is still there.

LAURIE

I really hate lying.

ANNIE

What are you Mother Teresa?

LYNDA

Totally.

LAURIE

(turns back to Annie)

Alright, I'll do it. But you owe me big time.

ANNIE

Yes!

(hugs Laurie)

I love you.

Lynda holds up a joint cupped in her hand.

LYNDA

Hey, either of you bitches wanna hit this behind the gym before geometry or as I call it gay triangle shit 101.

ANNIE

I'm in.

LAURIE

No, I've got to get through this. They won't let me take this book out since it's a leather bound first edition and the...

Lynda starts making snoring noises.

LYNDA
Alright, smell ya later.

Lynda and Annie run off. Laurie looks back out the window
-- the car is gone.

EXT. HADDONFEILD CEMETERY - DAY

An old, well maintained graveyard. We follow a pick-up truck as it moves along the roads separating the grave stones. The back of the truck is filled with gardening equipment.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Behind the wheel, GRANT CLARK (54) the cemetery's grounds keeper. Grant spots something strange up ahead -- the figure of a LARGE MAN trying to wrestle one of the gravestones loose.

GRANT
What the hell? God damn punk.

Grant stops his truck, steps out and grabs a metal rake from his truck.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Hey! Hey, quit messing with that tombstone. What are you fucking deaf?

The man ignores him. Grant moves in closer.

GRANT (CONT'D)
I said get away from that grave before I call the cops or knock your head in.

The man STOPS shaking the gravestone and turns his head towards Grant. It is Michael. He briskly walks towards Grant. Grant starts BACKING AWAY quickly.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Back off... get away from me. I'll hit you. I swear I will!

Grant STUMBLES over a small stone and falls onto his back. Michael approaches. Grant sits up and begins SWINGING the rake at Michael. Michael knocks it aside with ease and grabs Grant by the neck pulling him up.

Michael's IRON GRIP crushes Grant's windpipe -- Grant fights for air but. Michael holds Grant face close as he chokes him to death -- studying the CHOKING man's face.

From a distance we watch as Michael drop's Grant to the ground. Michael picks up the rake and begins beating the SCREAMING old man.

The screaming stops -- Michael stares down at the DEAD MAN.

EXT. HADDONFEILD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Laurie and Lynda stroll down the steps of the high school -- younger CLASS MATES run pass them. The girls stop and wait under the school's sign.

LYNDA

(angry)

It's so retarded! Me... suspended from the squad! I'm the hottest fucking cheerleader they got. Can't anyone take a joke anymore?

TWO YOUNGER MALE STUDENTS giggle as they pass by.

LYNDA (CONT'D)

What are you two retards laughing at?! Come here, I'll kick your ass!

The boys RUN off.

LAURIE

(trying to calm Lynda)

What exactly did you say?

LYNDA

Check it, so lady fuck face gives us three new cheers to learn, so I said "Hey, why don't we just go sans underwear and flash some snatch and nobody will notice we're doing the same tired old cheers... and get this... the fucking dried up bitch calls my father and tells him what I said. Jesus, that c-u-n-t needs to get laid.

LAURIE

(laughing)

What did your father say?

LYNDA

Oh, who cares? I'll give him the little princess sweetpants suck up routine when I get home.

(bats her eyes)

Daddy's little sweetie would never say something like that.

LAURIE

Man, since you parents split you sure got your Dad wrapped around your finger.

LYNDA

Totally.

Annie comes walking up from behind.

ANNIE

Hey, bitches.

LAURIE

Hey.

ANNIE

(to Lynda)

What's up your crack?

LYNDA

I gotta get home and work some magic on the old man or I ain't going nowhere tonight.

BBBRRRRUUUMMMM! A loud rust covered CHEVY NOVA pulls up. Behind the wheel is a BONEY-FACED teenager smoking a cigarette -- this is Annie's Boyfriend PAUL.

PAUL

Hey mammas, wanna lift?

LYNDA

Totally.

Lynda jumps in the backseat.

ANNIE

(to Laurie)

Wanna ride?

LAURIE

Naw, I feel like walking.

PAUL
(nods to Laurie)
What's up, Laurie?

LAURIE
Nothing

PAUL
Figures.

Annie moves around to the passenger's side.

ANNIE
I'll come get you around seven. Is that cool?

LAURIE
Fine, I'll see ya then.

Laurie GLANCES up the street and sees.... the same STATION WAGON that was parked outside the school.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
Hey, I think that car is following us.

ANNIE
What car?

LAURIE
That car. I noticed it sitting outside the school earlier today.

The wagon moves SLOWLY up the street towards them.

LYNDA
Probably some pervert cruising the school poontang.

Laurie stares at the driver as the station wagon moves past. There is a quick glimpse of a blank PALE FACE staring back.

INT. STATION WAGON

From the car's POV we see Paul's car and the girls as we pass by.

LYNDA
(sitting her head out the window)
Hey freak! What are you looking at? You like the young stuff!

ANNIE

My Dad's the Sheriff! We got your number!

The wagon takes off down the street and disappears around a corner.

LYNDA

Told ya, total pervert.

Annie jumps in Paul's car.

ANNIE

See ya.

LAURIE

Yeah, see ya.

The car speeds off. For a moment Laurie looks around cautiously before continuing down the sidewalk.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

A large ornate building in the center of town.

INT. CITY HALL - ADOPTION AGENCY

A stark, drab office completely devoid of color, but for an ORANGE PLASTIC PUMPKIN sitting on information desk. Loomis leans across the counter arguing with the BARBARA FLORENTINE (52) head of the Haddonfield adoption agency.

BARBARA

Sir, I'm not going to tell you again...
please refrain from leaning over the
counter.

Loomis leans back.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Now, as I was saying.

LOOMIS

(slow and patronizing)

Trust me I heard you the first time. I understand it's against the fucking rules, but just try and open your ears and listen to what I'm trying to tell you.

BARBARA

Sir again, I don't appreciate your
sarcastic tone or your use of vulgar
language.

LOOMIS

You don't like my tone?!
(laughs with exhaustion, then
begins to talk very slowly)
Look, I need to know the whereabouts of
the Myers baby and I need to know...
(shouts)
... right fucking now!

A nervous looking file clerk, ARRON KRAMER (53) lingers
in the background listening in on the conversation.

BARBARA

(shouting back)
Sir, I don't care what you need! Those
records are confidential by request of
birth parents and the adopting family.
End of story!
(looks at the clock)
Besides I am now officially on my lunch
break!
(sarcastic)
So, good bye.

Loomis storms out in a rage.

EXT. STREETS OF HADDONFIELD - DAY

Laurie turns onto her street and sees a small commotion
up ahead across from her house. TWO POLICE CARS and
SEVERAL ONLOOKERS. Laurie heads towards the disturbance.

A tall distinguished looking grey haired man with the
presence of a modern day Wyatt Earp approaches her. It is
Annie's father -- SHERIFF LEE BRACKETT (60).

BRACKETT

I don't think you should come any closer.

LAURIE

What's happening?

BRACKETT

There been an incident with one of the
neighbor's dogs. I think it would better
if you looked the other way and went
straight into your house.

LAURIE
What kind of incident?

BRACKETT
Most likely a Halloween prank gone bad,
but still I say you'd best be heading
inside.

Laurie looks up and sees another OFFICER lowering a DEAD
GERMAN SHEPARD down from a tree. The dog is strung up by
it's neck.

LAURIE
Oh my God, that's Benny... that's Mrs.
O'Brien's dog. Why would someone hurt
Benny?

BRACKETT
Laurie I really think you shouldn't be
here. Nobody needs to see this.

We watch from Michael's POV as Laurie RUSHES across the
street away from the commotion to her house. She opens
the door and goes inside. We hold on the house --
Michael's HEAVY BREATHING can be heard.

EXT. HADDONFIELD CEMETERY - SUNSET

We continue to hear Michael's BREATHING as we watch the
SUN SET over the grounds of the cemetery.

INT. HADDONFEILD CEMETERY - SUNSET - CONTINUOUS

Loomis's car drives through the entrance gates-- and
stops at the YELLOW POLICE TAPE. He steps out of his car,
slides under the tape and approaches a young officer,
DEPUTY CHARLES.

DEPUTY
Sir, please get back in your car. There
is nothing to see here.

LOOMIS
I'm looking for Sheriff Brackett.

DEPUTY
Are you a family member?

LOOMIS
No... No... I'm Dr. Samuel Loomis.

DEPUTY

Please wait here.

Deputy Charles walks over to Brackett and points to Loomis. Brackett nods his head -- then heads over towards Loomis.

BRACKETT

Aw, Dr. Loomis.

(they shake hands)

I knew that name sounded familiar when you called earlier.

(pulls a paperback copy of Loomis's book from his back pocket)

I went out and grabbed a copy of your book. Unfortunately I didn't have time to read it yet.

(flips over the book and reads a quote from the back cover.)

" The darkest souls are not those which choose to exist within the hell of the abyss, but those which choose to break free from the abyss and move silently among us." Sounds like you're chasing demons, Doc.

LOOMIS

(frustrated)

I don't think you understand what's going on here.

BRACKETT

(chuckles)

Well, I figured it was somewhat embellished. What do you writers call it? Artistic license?

LOOMIS

Sheriff, I assure you it is an accurate account.

BRACKETT

I'm sure it is... anyway, I'm sorry Doctor, but this really isn't a good time for this.

(starts walking Loomis back towards his car)

Doc, I'll tell you what, come by my office tomorrow and we can sit down and discuss your situation.

(MORE)

BRACKETT (CONT'D)

I'll make you a cappuccino. I just put in a machine and...

Loomis stops.

LOOMIS

(interrupting)

Let me try and explain something to you Sheriff... there isn't going to be a tomorrow for you and your little town. It's now or never.

BRACKETT

Are you threatening me, Doc?

LOOMIS

No, I just want you to wake up and understand what we are dealing with here!

BRACKETT

Look I appreciate your situation, but you've got to understand what I'm dealing with here right here and now. I've got a grounds keeper over there that's had his brains bashed out with a God damn rake.

LOOMIS

Where was he found?

BRACKETT

By one of the graves in the back.

LOOMIS

Who's grave?

BRACKETT

I don't know the headstone is... well...

LOOMIS

What?

BRACKETT

Missing.

LOOMIS

Jesus.

Loomis runs pass Brackett and the deputy -- through the police tape towards the CRIME SCENE.

BRACKETT

Hey, get back here.

(to the deputy)

Charley, go get him.

DEPUTY

Yes, sir.

Loomis STOPS at the grave. The headstone is gone. All that's left is a HOLE where it was pulled from the ground.

LOOMIS

(screaming)

Who's grave is it? Who grave is it?!

Brackett calmly walks up to Loomis and puts a hand on his shoulder.

BRACKETT

Doc, I think it's time to go.

LOOMIS

(growing more intense)

Who grave is this!? Answer me!

BRACKETT

(trying to humor Loomis)

Who got the plot map?

An OFFICER hands Brackett the map. He checks the map.

BRACKETT (CONT'D)

(looking down the rows of
stones)

18, 20... Myers... Judith Myers...

Brackett turns to Loomis --- Loomis shakes his head and looks out over the graveyard.

LOOMIS

He came home.

EXT. STRODE HOUSE - DUSK

Laurie sits on her front steps -- watching as CHILDREN in costumes go from house to house TRICK OR TREATING. Laurie's father steps out and lights a cigarette.

MASON

Be careful out there tonight. Halloween is always amateur night. There's a lot of nuts running around.

LAURIE

I'm only baby sitting. What's the worst thing that could happen?

MASON

Yeah. Well, I'm just saying.

LAURIE

I hear ya.

From Michael's POV across the street we watch Laurie and her father talking -- we swing over to TWO CHILDREN in monster costumes RUNNING TOWARDS us -- they stop and we TILT DOWN to look at them. The children make SCREAMING monster NOISES then take off down the street.

Michael's attention returns across the street to Laurie as Annie's car SWINGS around the corner and PULLS UP. Annie has flashing red DEVIL HORNS on her head.

MASON

Have a good one.

LAURIE

You too... tell Mom I said bye.

Annie waves to Laurie's father from the car.

ANNIE

Hey, Mr. Strode.

MASON

Happy Halloween.

Laurie opens the passenger's door and gets in.

INT. ANNIE'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

LAURIE

Nice horns.

ANNIE

(holds up another pair of
horns)

Don't worry I got a pair for you too. I
figured it was the least I could do.

LAURIE

Boy, I'll say.

ANNIE

Well, if you don't want them.

Laurie grabs the horns.

LAURIE
I want them.

EXT. STRODES HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Michael watches as Annie's car pulls away from the curb. As soon as the car moves OUT OF SIGHT Michael makes a bee line straight for Laurie's house and Mason Strode.

From across the street we watch as Michael approaches Mason and in ONE SWIFT MOVE SLASHES Mason across the THROAT. Mason STUMBLES back -- Michael grabs him and drags him into the house.

Michael SLAMS the door shut behind him.

INT. HADDONFEILD MORGUE - NIGHT

Close up - Grant's face. We watch as a black plastic bag is zipped over his BATTERED face. Pull back we see Brackett and the coroner STAN CAMPBELL (60) standing over the body.

CAMPBELL (O.C.)
Alright, that's it for now. I'll do the autopsy tomorrow morning although I'd say the cause of death is pretty obvious.

BRACKETT (O.C.)
Thanks, Stan.

Loomis stands back and watches as Stan rolls Grant's body into the refrigerator compartment.

LOOMIS
Sheriff, I can appreciate your situation, but I need those records... Time is wasting!

Brackett pulls Loomis out of the room into the hallway.

BRACKETT
Doc, if you want my help then I suggest you calm down.
(lowers his voice)
I'll get you the adoption records, but you got to quit with the "hey look at me" frantic routine. Just calm down and play it my way, comprende?

LOOMIS

Fine.

BRACKETT

I'm hanging my ass out on a limp here, Doc... so I expect you to play it razor straight with me.

(gets very serious)

You hear me? I want you to tell me exactly what I am dealing with here.

LOOMIS

(sighs)

Truthfully, I don't even know anymore that's what worries me. Look at the cover of that book.

Brackett pulls out Loomis's book. On the cover is a shot of YOUNG MICHAEL.

LOOMIS (CONT'D)

Take a look at that face.... I first met Michael seventeen years ago. I saw a boy with nothing left, no conscience, no reason, no understanding, in even the most rudimentary sense... of life or death or right or wrong.

BRACKETT

You make him sound like a machine.

LOOMIS

He is. A perfect killing machine... blank, cold emotionless and the eyes...

BRACKETT

The eyes?

LOOMIS

He had the blackest of eyes, the Devil's eyes. I spent ten years trying to reach him and another seven trying to keep him locked away when I realized what was living behind that boy's eyes was purely and simply...

BRACKETT

What?

LOOMIS

Evil.

Close up - book cover photo of Michael.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Close up - Michael's face

We pull out and around Michael's head. We are now looking over his shoulder at Annie's car as it stops in front the Doyle house -- Laurie gets out.

ANNIE

I'll call ya when I hear from Paul.

LAURIE

Alright.

ANNIE

Okay, see ya.

Annie's car drives off towards the Wallace's house. Laurie walks up the front walk to the Doyle house. She rings the door bell. Tommy opens the door.

TOMMY

Trick or Treat?

LAURIE

Trick.

TOMMY

I don't know what to do if someone says trick.

Laurie enters -- the door shuts behind her. We continue watching the house. The front door opens again. Mr. and Mrs. Doyle, both dressed in costumes, step out of the house. Laurie and Tommy stand in the doorway.

MR. DOYLE

We'll be home around one o'clock.

LAURIE

Alright.

MRS. DOYLE

(motions to Tommy.)

Please, make sure this one doesn't eat too much junk.

TOMMY

Geez, Ma that's the whole point!

LAURIE

I'll keep an eye on him. Have fun.

The Doyles get into their car and DRIVE AWAY. Laurie watches them for a moment then closes the door. Michael turns and walks away towards the Wallace house -- a group of TRICK OR TREATERS runs by him.

EXT. KRAMER HOUSE - NIGHT

A small dumpy house. Sheriff Brackett and Dr. Loomis exit Brackett's squad car and walk towards the front door.

BRACKETT

Doc, this all sounds like a serious long shot. I mean think about it... it's impossible for him to know where she is.

LOOMIS

He knows Sheriff.

BRACKETT

He knows. Hell, we don't even know. She could be living in Alaska.

LOOMIS

This creature functions on pure instinct. He'll find her.

BRACKETT

Alright, I'm trusting you. I'll get the files, but I swear you better not make a fool out of me.

LOOMIS

She is the key. She represents total purity in his mind. For seventeen years he's waited for this night... for this moment.

BRACKETT

If you say so.

Brackett knocks on the door.

BRACKETT (CONT'D)

Now, just follow my lead and play along with whatever I say.

A man opens the door -- it is Arron Kramer the FILE CLERK from CITY HALL.

BRACKETT (CONT'D)

Trick or treat, Arron.

ARRON

(nervous)

Oh um... hi Sheriff...

(forced laughter)

I don't have any candy... I um... I'm just watching TV.

Arron PULLS the door in close.

BRACKETT

Mind if we come in?

ARRON

Do you have a warrant?

Brackett GENTLY pushes his way in. Loomis follows.

BRACKETT

(friendly)

Warrant? This is a social call, buddy.

(pushes his way into the house)

Can't two buddies hang out and shoot the shit without a notarized piece of paper between them?

ARRON

Yeah, um I guess so...

(pointing to Loomis)

... hey, I recognize you. You were hassling my boss today...

(to Brackett)

... who's is that guy?

LOOMIS

Agent Loomis... narcotics.

ARRON

Hey, what a minute.

BRACKETT

(looks at the TV)

So what are you watching? Is that some kind of vampire movie? Those are my favorites.

Brackett looks around the room and sees drug paraphernalia on a table.

LOOMIS
HMMMMM? What do we have here?

ARRON
That's not mine. I-I-I was gonna...

BRACKETT
Agent Loomis would you mind dusting this for prints?

LOOMIS
No sir.

ARRON
(beginning to freak)
Man, come on man. I can't get busted again I'm on parole. If I get busted I'm looking at four to six, man.

LOOMIS
Should I call it in?

ARRON
Please... help a brother out. Isn't there anything I can do? Come on, it's Halloween.

INT. CITY HALL - ADOPTION AGENCY

The room is dark. Through the glass door we see THREE FIGURES. The door opens. The lights flick on. It is Brackett, Loomis and Kramer.

ARRON
Are you sure I ain't gonna get in more trouble for doing this? This is breaking and entering.

BRACKETT
I'm the Sheriff. I make the rules. Besides you just stay focused on finding what we need.

The trio moves behind the counter. Arron turns on a computer and begins scanning through files.

ARRON
What year was this?

LOOMIS

It was November 1978.

ARRON

Oh boy, I don't know if stuff that old
has been transferred into the new system.

Scans through the files.

LOOMIS

Well?

ARRON

Jesus man, you sure are impatient for a
narc.

Kramer continues scanning the files.

ARRON (CONT'D)

Naw man, it ain't here. The oldest files
on record are from 1987.

LOOMIS

There must be a hard copy of the record
somewhere.

ARRON

It's probably in the basement.

BRACKETT

Let's go.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Ding-dong. The doorbell rings. Laurie and Tommy Doyle
answer the door -- standing there are three kids dressed
as a dinosaur, Frankenstein's monster and a pirate.

KIDS

Trick or treat!

LAURIE

Wow, look at the costumes.

The kitchen phone RINGS.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

(hands Tommy the candy bowl)
Please take over.

Laurie goes to answer it. It is Annie. Tommy hands out the candy.

INT. WALLACE KITCHEN

Annie stands making popcorn, her cell phone at her ear.
BEHIND HER, in the open window above the kitchen sink, we
see Michael.

ANNIE

Yo, the Wallace's are gone. As soon as I
finish making Queen Sheba her popcorn
I'll be over.

LAURIE

Alright.

ANNIE

Cool, I'll see ya in a couple minutes.

Annie hangs up her phone -- turns towards the window,
opens a cabinet and grabs a large bowl. Michael is gone
from the window.

INT. WALLACE HOUSE - TV ROOM

LINDSEY WALLACE (9), is watching the Dr. Wolfenstein's
Horror-a-thon at full volume. Lindsey is dressed like an
Egyptian Queen.

Michael is standing directly behind Lindsey staring at
the TV. On screen is the same film from Halloween
seventeen years ago -- THE THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD .

ANNIE (O.C.)

Lindsey get your coat on. We're going
over Tommy Doyle's house!

LINDSEY

(not listening)

Okay!

Lindsey doesn't move -- she continues watching TV
oblivious to Michael's presence. Annie walks into the
living room. Michael is gone.

ANNIE

What are you doing?

LINDSEY

Nothing.

ANNIE

Exactly. I said get your coat we are going to Tommy Doyle's house.

LINDSEY

No you didn't.

ANNIE

You are really working my last nerve.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Laurie sits at the kitchen table doing her homework.
Tommy enters.

TOMMY

Laurie I'm bored. Can we carve the pumpkin now. I'm sick of watching TV.

LAURIE

Sick of TV? That's a new one.

(Laurie closes her books)

Oh, um by the way Lindsey is coming over.

TOMMY

She can't come over here! What if the guys see her?

LAURIE

So?

TOMMY

She's a girl!

LAURIE

I thought you liked her.

TOMMY

No way! Are you crazy?

LAURIE

Thou doth protest too much, methinks.

TOMMY

Huh?

EXT. WALLACE HOUSE - NIGHT

Annie and Lindsey exit the Wallace house. Lindsey carries a large bowl of popcorn. As they across the street to the Doyle residence -- Michael steps into the glow of the streetlight and watches them.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE - NIGHT

The doorbell rings. Tommy runs to the door to answer it. He opens the door. It is Annie and Lindsey.

ANNIE

Hey Tommy, where's your girlfriend Laurie?

TOMMY

She's not my girlfriend. I hate girls.

ANNIE

Well good, so does Lindsey.
(to Lindsey)
Go watch TV.

Lindsey sees the TV and runs into the living room. She takes off her coat and plops down in front of the TV with her popcorn. Tommy joins her.

Laurie enters wearing an apron covered in pumpkin guts.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

So... I talked to Paul about Ben Trammer.

LAURIE

No... please tell me you didn't. You're joking right.

ANNIE

What? It's a good thing. You need a boyfriend.

LAURIE

No I don't... I know I'm gonna regret this.

ANNIE

Just let me work my magic. I'll hook you up with Ben Trammer.

LAURIE

How?

ANNIE

I have my ways.

LAURIE

Alright.

A car horn honks. Annie looks out the window.

ANNIE

That's Paul. Okay so, let's say the Wallace's will be back around twelve thirty to be safe.

LAURIE

Don't be late.

ANNIE

I won't. See ya.

LAURIE

Yeah, see ya.

Annie splits. Laurie closes the door and looks in on Tommy and Lindsey engrossed in the Horror-a-thon -- another lonely night for Laurie.

EXT. DOYLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Annie hurries down the front steps and runs over to Paul's car. Music is blasting from Paul's car.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Annie gets in and slides over next to Paul.

ANNIE

I'm good. Let's go.

PAUL

Hold up, I was just thinking why don't we just stay here.

ANNIE

What about Bob and Lynda?

PAUL

Oh, fuck those two. Besides this place is a lot more comfortable than Myers shithole.

Annie starts kissing Paul.

ANNIE

Alright but we got be long gone before
the Wallace's get home.

EXT. MEYER HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is dark. A van pulls up in front of the house and parks -- it's headlights flick off. All is dark but for a small pumpkin light sitting on the dashboard. The sounds of LAUGHTER can be heard.

INT. VAN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

BOB SIMMS (17), a tall, long-haired stoner type dressed in a BASKETBALL UNIFORM. His face is made-up to look battered and bruised. Next to him is Lynda dressed in her best SEXY cheerleader outfit. Both are guzzling beers.

LYNDA

I hope you remembered the sleeping bag
cause I ain't lying on no filthy wood
floor again.

BOB

(burps)

I got it. Don't worry I don't want to
spend the night pulling splinters out of
your ass.

(burps again)

LYNDA

Keep acting like a pig and you ain't
gonna be seeing no ass.

BOB

Yeah, right no bitch can resist my
skills.

EXT. MEYER HOUSE - NIGHT

Bob opens the door and together they stumble out onto the ground. Bob opens the side door, grabs the sleeping bag then picks Lynda up and begins carrying her up to the front door.

LYNDA

Wait... get the pumpkin.

BOB

What?

LYNDA
The light stupid.

Bob carries Lynda back over to the van -- Lynda reaches in and grabs the pumpkin light.

INT. MEYER HOUSE - NIGHT

Lynda and Bob enter the house, Bob sets Lynda down -- the only light is from the pumpkin.

LYNDA
Ooooo, spooky.

Bob pulls Lynda towards the stairs. A SHADOW passes by the camera as they fumble up the creaking wood staircase.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Laurie, Tommy and Lindsey are carving Jack-O'-Lanterns. Tommy works on his own pumpkin while Laurie and Lindsey share one.

The kids are using child-safe plastic carving tools.

TOMMY
How come we have to use these stupid plastic baby things? I wanna use a real knife. How can I stab the guts out with this?

LAURIE
Just keep carving. There's no way I'm giving you a real knife. You'll stab yourself.

TOMMY
Aw, man.

LINDSEY
Is this a girl or a boy Jack-O-Lantern?

TOMMY
Boy, duh! Jack? Jack-O-Lantern... that's a boy name?

LINDSEY
What if it's short for Jackie? Jackie's a girl name.

TOMMY

Dream on.

LAURIE

(to herself)

Ah yes, this has turned out to be a night
of non-stop excitement.

LINDSEY

What?

LAURIE

Nothing. Ours is Jackie and yours is
Jack. Problem solved.

INT. CITY HALL - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Loomis, Bracket and Kramer are now deep in the lower
levels of City Hall. They are surrounded on all side by
rows of filing cabinets.

ARRON

Unfortunately I'd say the answer is lost
somewhere in this mess.

BRACKETT

Well, unfortunately I'd say the faster
you start looking through this mess...
the faster you can get back to frying
your few remaining brains cells.

ARRON

Yes sir.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is PITCH BLACK inside. Suddenly, the sound of
laughter is heard from the kitchen -- we see that Laurie
and Lindsey are carrying their illuminated Jack-O-Lantern
-- Tommy follows behind with his.

EXT. DOYLE HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The trio steps out onto the front porch. Laurie and
Lindsey place their Jack-O-Lantern on the front steps.
Tommy follows suit.

LAURIE

Looks pretty good, huh?

LINDSEY
Jackie looks pretty.

TOMMY
Stop calling everything pretty.

Tommy sets his down.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Mine's called the Bloody Mangler of
Monster Hill.

LINDSEY
That's dumb.

Laurie looks down toward the Wallace house and sees
Paul's car still parked in front.

LAURIE
Oh, that's cute. You little shit.

INT. WALLACE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The BLUE GLOW of television light illuminates Annie and
Paul -- now engaged in a HOT and HEAVY make out session
on the living room couch. Paul is on top of Annie pulling
at the button on her sweater.

ANNIE
Jesus hold on, I'll do it. You're gonna
stretch it all out.

PAUL
That's the plan.

ANNIE
Oh, you wish.

In the background the shadowy figure of Michael MOVES
PAST the doorway.

Annie and Paul continue tearing at each other's clothes.
Paul clumsily slides his pants down to his ankles as he
grins against the topless Annie.

PAUL
Ah, you look so fucking hot.

ANNIE
Yeah, yeah you wanna fuck me... come on
put it in.

PAUL
Uh, you want it.

ANNIE
Yeah, baby.

Suddenly, a CORD OF ROPE wraps around Paul's neck pulling him back. He gasps and reaches for his neck.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

Holding the other end of the rope is Michael -- he yanks Paul back off his feet and begins THRASHING him from side to side. Annie screams in terror. Michael LIFTS Paul in the air, Paul flails his legs violently fighting for his life.

Michael crushes the last seconds of life from Paul then discards him to the side like a doll.

Annie JUMPS from the couch and RUNS for the front door -- it is locked. In her panic she fumbles with the lock. Michael RUNS towards her.

Annie BOLTS through the house towards the kitchen, Michael follows like a BULL IN A CHINA SHOP -- crashing through the house.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Annie frantically opens several kitchen drawers until she finds a KNIFE. Michael steps into the light of the kitchen and pauses -- SOBBING and SHAKING Annie backs herself into a corner -- her knife pointed at Michael.

Michael doesn't move... then with a JOLT he rushes forward THROWS the kitchen table aside and QUICKLY lunges at Annie.

Annie STABS at Michael breaking the blade in his chest -- he is unaffected. Michael GRABS Annie picking her up off the floor and THROWS her over his shoulders. Annie scream for her life.

INT. DINNING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Michael carries Annie into the dinning room and SLAMS her down on the dinning table. Annie fight to get free. SLAM! Michael brings his knife down into Annie's stomach.

Michael STEPS BACK and GAZES down at Annie -- cocking his head from side to side like a child as Annie SCREAMS.

INT. MEYER HOUSE - NIGHT

The plastic pumpkin lamp illuminates Lynda and Bob's lovemaking. Lynda's moans begin increasing -- building to a crescendo.

LYNDA

Ohhh... ohhh... Bob that's it... that's it.

BOB

Uhhhh, fuck!

Bob and Lynda climax -- Bob rolls off Lynda.

LYNDA

A little warning would be nice.

BOB

I can't think when the moment of love hits.

Lynda takes a sip of beer. The can is empty.

LYNDA

Go get me a beer.

BOB

You get me one.

Silence.

BOB (CONT'D)

Alright.

Bob gets out of bed and puts his jeans and eyeglasses.

BOB (CONT'D)

I shall return.

He exits. Lynda leans back against the wall and lights a cigarette.

EXT. MEYER HOUSE - NIGHT

Bob exits the house and heads for his van. He slides open the side door -- reaches in and grabs a six-pack from a cooler. Behind him A FIGURE WEARING A SHEET over his head like a ghost walks down the sidewalk towards him.

Bob slides the van door shut. The ghost slowly approaches.

BOB

Hey dude, kind of old to be begging for candy.

The ghost moves in and grabs Bob. SLAMMING him back against the fan.

BOB (CONT'D)

Ouch! What the fuck man?! Get the fuck off me!

Bob tries to PUSH the ghost off of him, but the ghost is crushing his rib cage against the side of the van. Bob COUGHS and GAGS from the pressure.

The ghost LIFTS BOB UP OFF THE GROUND. Bob makes a sound deep in his throat as the ghost's hand closes tightly around his windpipe. Holding him up with ONE HAND, the ghost SLAMS Bob against a tree several feet off the ground. Bob struggles to get free grabbing at the sheet. The sheet falls off to reveal Michael.

Michael drives a knife deeply into Bob's chest with a SLAMMING THUD, the other end of the knife sticks into the tree. Michael steps away. Bob hangs there, impaled on the tree, eyes still open in horror -- dead.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lynda lounges back against the wall smoking -- she is wrapped in the sleeping bag. She hears Bob enter the room but doesn't look up.

LYNDA

Jesus Bob, could you move a little slower?

The ghost stands in the doorway - he is now also wearing BOB'S GLASSES.

LYNDA (CONT'D)
Well, could you?

No response. Lynda looks at the ghost and laughs --

LYNDA (CONT'D)
Oh, that's cute.

-- then she slides the sheets down from her body exposing herself.

LYNDA (CONT'D)
See anything you like?

The ghost doesn't respond -- continuing to stare.

LYNDA (CONT'D)
Alright enough, joke over.

Lynda's cell phone begins to ring the phone is in her purse -- which is lying at Michael's feet.

LYNDA (CONT'D)
Hey Casper the asshole ghost, hand me my phone.

Michael picks up the purse and holds it towards Lynda. The phone continues ringing.

LYNDA (CONT'D)
(growing angry)
Well, hand it over dipshit.

No response. A NUDE and ANGRY Lynda gets out of the sleeping bag, walks over to the ghost.

LYNDA (CONT'D)
(grabs the purse)
Why do you have start acting like such a fucking jerk every time we do it? You'd think you'd be grateful I let you touch me with that thing.

Lynda pulls the phone from her purse -- the phone stops ringing.

LYNDA (CONT'D)
Thanks, dick.

THE GHOST GRABS HER clamping one hand over Lynda's mouth. She squirms and writhes violently- dropping her phone. A FRANTICALLY FLAILING Lynda tries desperately to fight off Michael as he drags her from the room.

Lynda reaches out and tries to hold onto the DOOR FRAME as Michael pulls her into the hallway.

INT. CITY HALL - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Arron is flipping through a large stack of files and discovers the Meyers file.

ARRON

B-I-N-G-O ! I think it got it.

(reading)

Says here that in 1978 Laurie Myers was adopted by ...

Loomis grabs the file.

LOOMIS

Give me that.

(reading)

She was adopted by... Mason and Cynthia Strode.

BRACKETT

Mason Strode! Jesus, I know that girl... I know Laurie Strode. I talked to her earlier today. Her father runs Strode Reality.

LOOMIS

We've got to get to her as fast as possible.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Laurie is sitting at the kitchen table doing homework. Her phone RINGS. The caller ID says ANNIE.

LAURIE

Hey Annie, what's up?

INT. WALLACE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Annie struggles to speak into her phone.

ANNIE

(weak)

Help...

LAURIE

What? Annie... I can't hear you.

ANNIE
(faint whisper)
Help.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE

Laurie gets up and goes to the window. Paul's car is still parked out front.

LAURIE
Is this a joke?

The line goes dead.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Laurie calls Annie's phone -- no answer. Laurie hangs up the phone -- stands for a moment thinking -- then walks into the living room. Tommy and Lindsey are watching TV.

LAURIE
Hey, I'm gonna walk across the street for a second. Are you guys okay by yourselves?

LINDSEY
We're fine.

LAURIE
Tommy are you okay.

TOMMY
(embarrassed)
Of course, why do ask me after she says she's fine?

LAURIE
Sorry, my mistake.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Laurie exits the Doyle house and walks out into the street. The wind whips her clothes and hair as she moves down the street.

Michael stands in the shadows WATCHING.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Loomis and Brackett are driving to scene. Brackett calls the Strode house.

BRACKETT

It's ringing. Come on, come pick up.

INT. STRODE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Close up on a RINGING phone. As we pull back from the phone we see that the brightly lit room is SPLATTERED RED with BLOOD. The answering machine picks up.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Hi, you've reached the Strode residence.
We can't come to the phone right now so
please leave a message.

We now see the MANGLED BODIES of Mason and Cynthia Strode lying on the floor in a HUGE POOL of BLOOD.

ANSWERING MACHINE (CONT'D)

Hello... this is Sheriff Brackett, please
pick up if you can hear me. Mason answer
the damn phone! This is an emergency!

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Brackett closes his phone.

BRACKETT

Damn it!

LOOMIS

How close are we?

BRACKETT

Two minutes.

Brackett dials his phone again.

BRACKETT (CONT'D)

Honey, is Annie there? She's what? Baby
sitting... why? Hold on.

Brackett turns a corner.

BRACKETT (CONT'D)

There's the Strode house.

Brackett stops the car. Loomis jumps out.

EXT. STRODE HOUSE - NIGHT

Loomis runs up to the house. He pounds on the door.

LOOMIS
Hello... is anyone home.

No answer.

LOOMIS (CONT'D)
(to Brackett)
No one's home!

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

BRACKETT
(into phone)
I'm trying to find Laurie Strode. Where?
Wait.. who... Tommy Doyle. What's
address? Three-twenty Winchester... okay
got it.
(shouts out to Loomis)
Loomis! Get back in the car! I know where
she is!

EXT. WALLACE HOUSE - NIGHT

Laurie walks up to the front porch. She stands there a moment, listening, as if to hear some sound of life from the inside.

She RINGS the doorbell. She waits. Silence. She tries the door -- it is unlocked.

INT. WALLACE HOUSE

The house is dark. Laurie stands there a moment staring into the blackness. Laurie searches for the wall light. She flips it and nothing happens.

LAURIE
Oh, ha ha.

Laurie moves into the house. SUDDENLY THERE IS A FAINT SOUND. Laurie spins around and follows the sound-- another SOUND. Laurie smiles thinking it is Annie trying to scare her.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Annie, please don't jump out at me.

Laurie moves into the dinning room -- following the weird breathing noise -- there she finds Annie lying on the floor, still alive.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Annie? Oh my God, what happened?

ANNIE

Help me.

Laurie touches Annie and feels the blood everywhere.

LAURIE

Don't move... I-I-I'll get help.

Laurie dials her phone, her shaking hands cause her to miss dial.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Shit... okay calm down... calm down.

She dials 911 again.

OPERATOR

911, what is your emergency?

LAURIE

I-I-I need the police... I mean I-I need an ambulance. My friend is bleeding to death I'm at... shit... hold on.

Laurie opens the front door, steps out onto the front porch and looks at the house number.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

I'm at 345 Winchester Drive.

OPERATOR

345 Winchester Drive... please stay on the line.

Laurie steps back into the house. SUDDENLY WE ARE AWARE OF SOMETHING IN THE DARK behind Laurie. It is almost as if our eyes have suddenly begun to adjust and we see THE OUTLINE OF MICHAEL standing right behind her.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Brackett and Loomis are speeding to the Doyle house.
Laurie's 911 call comes over the radio.

OPERATOR

Unit 7 respond... 911 call. 345
Winchester Drive.

Brackett grabs the radio.

BRACKETT

This is Brackett... 345 Winchester please
confirm.

OPERATOR

345 Winchester. Unit on their way.

LOOMIS

What-What it is?

BRACKETT

Winchester! This address is right down
the street from where Laurie Strode is
baby sitting.

LOOMIS

It's Michael. He found her!

INT. WALLACE HOUSE - NIGHT

Laurie sits with Annie holding her head in her lap.
Suddenly, Annie begins to panic. Michael is STANDING
behind Laurie.

LAURIE

Hold on, Annie. Help is on the way. Stay
calm.

Michael GRABS Laurie's by the back of her blouse and
begins dragging her across the floor -- the BLOUSE RIPS.
Laurie SCREAMS, spins around and gets to her feet.
Michael stands silent holding up the piece of material.

The path to the door is BLOCKED, Laurie turns and runs
towards the back door. She tries to open the door. It is
KEY-LOCKED. Desperately she tries the door, glancing
behind her. MICHAEL IS COMING. She steps back from the
door and sees the kitchen window over the sink.

She climbs up on the sink and grabs the window. With a heave she tries to open it -- the window is STUCK. She shoves harder and slips -- PUSHING HER HAND THROUGH THE GLASS.

Finally, she manages to open it half-way and CRAWLS OUT headfirst through the window. Michael CLUTCHES her leg and tries to PULL HER BACK into the kitchen. She pulls free of Michael and falls out the window.

EXT WALLACE HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Laurie picks herself up from the ground and LIMPS AWAY as fast. Her hand and arm are bleeding profusely.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Laurie RUSHES out into the street SCREAMING for help. The street is DEAD quiet.

EXT. DOYLE HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Laurie stumbles up to the front door -- reaches into her pocket for the key and drop it between the cracks of the wooden porch. She reaches for it but her fingers nudge the key between the crack, down out of sight.

LAURIE

(screaming)

Tommy! Open the door! Open the door!

Laurie glances back at the street. MICHAEL WALKS SLOWLY DOWN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET, RIGHT TOWARD HER.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Tommy! Lindsey! Open the door! Help... help!

Laurie looks back at the street. The street is empty. MICHAEL IS GONE. She stands there breathlessly, her eyes burning in the darkness.

Finally, Tommy opens the door. Laurie leaps inside and SLAMS the door.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Laurie BOLTS THE DOOR from the inside.

LAURIE
Where's Lindsey?

TOMMY
I don't know.

Lindsey appears at the top of the stairs.

LINDSEY
I'm up here.

BOOM! Michael smashes against the back door. Tommy SCREAMS and runs upstairs in a PANIC.

LAURIE
Tommy... no!

Laurie runs upstairs after Tommy. BOOM! Michael SMASHES the door open.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE - BATHROOM

Laurie locks the door and desperately tries to DIAL HER PHONE. The children huddle together in the tub.

Suddenly, the sound of a POLICE SIREN can be heard.

TOMMY
Police!

Laurie opens the window and sticks her head out -- she sees the police car.

LAURIE
Help... help us! He's in the house... Up here!

The car stops -- TWO OFFICERS -- OFFICER LOWERY (34) and OFFICER MONTGOMERY (40) jump out and run towards the Doyle house.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE - NIGHT

The police enter the house with GUNS DRAWN.

MONTGOMERY
I got this... go check upstairs.

LOWERY
Got it.

We follow Officer Lowery up the stairs as he moves through the dark house towards the bathroom.

LOWERY (CONT'D)
This is the police! Mame, are you alright?

LAURIE
Help us... we're in the bathroom.

Michael STANDS IN THE SHADOWS watching as Lowery approaches the bathroom door. The officer tries to open the door it is locked.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE - BATHROOM

Laurie and the kids are huddled in the tub together. Through the FROSTED GLASS DOOR of the bathroom we see the silhouette of Officer Lowery.

LOWERY
The door is locked. Are you able to unlock the door?

LAURIE
Is he gone?

Laurie gets up from the tub to unlock the door.

LOWERY
There is no one out here.

Laurie reaches for the door -- suddenly, a SPRAY OF BLOOD splashes against the frosted window. The officer falls HARD against the glass and slides down the window leaving a TRAIL OF BLOOD as he slides.

LAURIE
Nooooooooo!

CRASH ! Michael SMASHES in the window -- reaches through and unlocks the door. Michael steps inside. CHAOS erupts as Laurie and the children begin SCREAMING.

MONTGOMERY (O.C.)
Freeze!

Standing behind Michael is Officer Montgomery. Michael SLOWLY turns to face the officer's gun.

MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)

Drop the weapon and put your hands up.
Any sudden moves and I will be forced to
fire.

Michael doesn't move.

MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)

I repeat. Drop your weapon or I will be
forced to fire!

Michael lunges forward -- Montgomery FIRES -- hitting
Michael. Michael OVER POWERS the officer and begins
STABBING him over and over.

Michael stands and walks calmly to the bathroom and grabs
Laurie. She fights to get away but has nowhere to go.
Michael HITS Laurie knocking her cold. The SCREAMING
children try to hold on to her as Michael drags her from
the tub.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Michael carries Laurie through the house and down the
stairs.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tommy and Lindsey are huddled in a corner WHIMPERING
softly -- Boom! They hear the front door swinging open.
Tommy looks out the window and sees Michael carrying
Laurie down the porch.

EXT. DOYLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Brackett's car speeds towards the Doyle house - he slams
on the breaks and jumps out. Loomis follows.

BRACKETT

Stay behind me.

Brackett pulls his gun and steps inside the Wallace
House. He sees Annie lying on the floor in a pool of
blood.

BRACKETT (CONT'D)

Jesus, Annie!

Brackett bends down and over his daughter listening for
her breathing -- she is still alive.

BRACKETT (CONT'D)
Hold on... baby, hold on.

Outside we hear the sound of an ambulance arriving.

BRACKETT (CONT'D)
Go tell them we are in here... go!

Loomis runs outside and flags down the ambulance.

LOOMIS
Over here! Inside.

The ambulance skids to a stop -- EMERGENCY WORKERS jump out and run towards the house.

Down the street Loomis hears CHILDREN screaming. He looks to see Tommy and Lindsey running from their house in a BLIND PANIC.

LINDSEY
Help... help!

TOMMY
The Boogieman... the boogieman!

LOOMIS
Hey... hey! Children run this way.

Loomis calls out to the children -- they run to him screaming.

TOMMY
The Boogieman... the Boogieman.

LOOMIS
What? Where?

LINDSEY
He took Laurie... he took Laurie away!

LOOMIS
Stay right here and wait by the ambulance. Don't move!

Loomis jumps in the police car and drives off.

EXT. MYER HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is DARK and DEAD quiet.

INT. MYER HOUSE - NIGHT

Laurie is propped up against the wall -- DAZED. She slowly opens her eyes -- scanning the darkness sees Lynda's nude body laid out in front of JUDITH MYER'S HEADSTONE -- beside the headstone is a JACK-O-LANTERN.

LAURIE

Lynda?

No response. Laurie CRAWLS over to Lynda's body.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

(begins to cry)

Lynda? Lynda wake up.

Laurie shakes Lynda and realizes that Lynda is DEAD.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

(sobbing)

No... no... no...

Behind her Laurie HEARS a creaking noise. She TURNS to see Michael stepping out of the SHADOWS. Laurie begins to back away.

MICHAEL

Boo.

LAURIE

Who are you? What do you want?

Michael SLOWLY MOVES towards her. Laurie continues to back away -- tears streaming down her face.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

No... no... please don't... please.

Michael holds out a PHOTO of himself and baby Laurie -- in the other hand is his KNIFE.

MICHAEL

Boo.

Laurie stares at Michael CONFUSED.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Boo.

Michael THRUSTS the picture forward. Laurie shutters with terror backing herself against the wall.

Michael continues to hold out the photo -- Laurie CAUTIOUSLY reaches out and takes it.

LAURIE
(looking at the photo)
Boo? I-I-I don't understand. Please let
me go... I-I-I... please.

MICHAEL
Boo.

Michael lets the knife SLIP FROM HIS HAND -- he falls to his knees. Michael SLUMPS his head down and pulls off his mask.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Boo.. Boo.

Seeing her chance -- Laurie moves SLOWLY towards the knife.

LAURIE
(trying to distract him)
I want to help you, but I don't
understand.

Laurie extends her trembling hand towards the knife.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
I want to help... I just don't...

With one QUICK MOVE Laurie grabs the knife and rams it into Michael's neck. Michael let out a LOUD GROAN, grabs his neck and falls to his side -- blood gushes from the wound.

Laurie LIMPS for the stairs and begins STUMBLING up the rotting steps one by one --

LAURIE (CONT'D)
Oh God... oh God... Oh God.

-- reaching the top she finds the basement door latched.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
No... no... open... open.

Michael stands -- replaces his MASK and heads up the stairs after Laurie. Laurie desperately FUMBLES with the latch. Michael begins SLOWLY up the steps... Laurie tries frantically to open the door... Michael REACHES OUT to grab her...

Laurie SNAPS open the lock -- the door SWINGS open -- She rushes through.

INT. MYER'S HOUSE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Laurie hobbles towards the front door -- Michael lunges for her SLASHING her ACROSS THE BACK again and again-- Laurie SCREAMS in AGONY and FALLS forward -- Michael grabs her up and begins thrashing her around like a rag doll -- throwing her to the ground.

Michael stares down at Laurie screaming in PAIN. He pauses --- then STRIKES.

Suddenly, BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! A series of THUNDERING EXPLOSIONS -- Michael is knocked off his feet. Standing on the front porch is Loomis, the smoking 357. Magnum in his hand.

LOOMIS

Laurie!

LAURIE

Help me.

Laurie crawls towards Loomis. Loomis rushes to her aid and pulls her to her feet.

EXT. MYER'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Loomis helps Laurie out of the house. In the background through the doorway we see Michael SLOWLY SIT UP.

LAURIE

(weak and dazed)

Who are you? What happening?

LOOMIS

(breathing heavy)

Sam... Sam Loomis. I'm a doctor.

Loomis opens the door and helps Laurie into the police car. Loomis closes the door and goes around to the driver's side -- he gets in.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Loomis pauses for a moment trying to catch his breath.

LOOMIS
It's over... it's over.

LAURIE
(shaking)
Was-was- was that the B-B-Boogie man?

LOOMIS
(breathing heavy)
As a matter of fact... it was...

Loomis starts the car. Over Laurie through the passenger's side window we see -- Michael RUNNING for the car. SMASH! Michael CRASHES through the window and grabs Laurie -- PULLING HER OUT through the broken windoww.

LAURIE
Aaaaaaarrrrrgghhhh!

LOOMIS
Jesus!

Loomis jumps out of the car and runs towards Michael.

LOOMIS (CONT'D)
Michael! Michael! Stop! Listen to me!

Michael stops -- standing motionless.

LOOMIS (CONT'D)
Michael... put her down.

FLASH! Bright SPOTLIGHTS hit Michael. SEVERAL POLICE CARS are now on the scene. The officers including Sheriff Brackett jump out and take aim on Michael. Brackett steps up.

BRACKETT
(moving in)
Put the girl down! There is no where to run. You are surrounded!

LOOMIS
(pleading)
Michael it's not her fault. Let her go.

Michael looks from Loomis to the police and back.

LAURIE
(weak and crying)
Michael... please let me go.

LOOMIS

Please Michael... give her to me.

Michael sets Laurie down -- she stumbles towards Loomis.
Loomis holds her in his arms.

LOOMIS (CONT'D)

You did the right thing.

Suddenly, Michael DIVES AT LOOMIS.

The police open fire. Michael is HIT over and over with a barrage of bullets. The FORCE of the BULLETS knock him back towards the front steps -- he stumbles towards the house.

Michael lands with a THUD on his back against the steps. His huge body lies SILENT. Blood pours from the multiple bullet wounds. Michael is DEAD.

From above we watch as in SLOW MOTION as the police move in and surround the body. Over this FINAL SHOT we hear one of young Michael's childhood tape recordings.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

(crackling sound)

Test... test... this is Michael Audrey Myers and I'm coming to you live from my house and I thought that maybe you'd like to hear a new song I wrote... It's called My Name Is Michael... ready Mom?

DEBORAH

Ready.

The sound of a slightly out of tune piano starts.

MICHAEL

(singing)

My name is Michael and it's nice to meet you... I like chocolate ice cream and candy and cake... my name is Michael and I like to run and play... run away... run away... my name is Michael and I have a dog... my dog name is Billy. Billy like to chase all the cats and run around the house... My name is Michael and I hope you like me.... Thank you.

The song ends.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

How's that?

DEBORAH

Perfect.

The tape recording stops.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END